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*Around
and
About Alaska*

ANNA MARTIN



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Around and About Alaska is dedicated to:

Business women
Schoolteachers
Missionaries
Nurses
Tourists (female)
Mothers

and to any of the feminine tribe who for any reason is interested in the 49th State, Alaska.

PREFACE

My impressions of Alaska are those of an inside observer who lived there for over twenty-five years.

The wealth of Alaska includes more than its fur, fish, timber, and rich mineral deposits. It is a livable, likable, wonderful country. Its people are not so different from the general run of mankind—with the possible exception of the old sourdoughs, who are in a class of their own. Their saga is told elsewhere.

If a person intends to invest his life's savings in Alaska, many authorities should be consulted and a serious, firsthand study made of the venture. This book will not be of much help to an investor. However, if a man or a woman has a month or more for a vacation in a new setting, these records may be useful in determining just what part of Alaska would be of greatest interest and satisfaction to the individual.

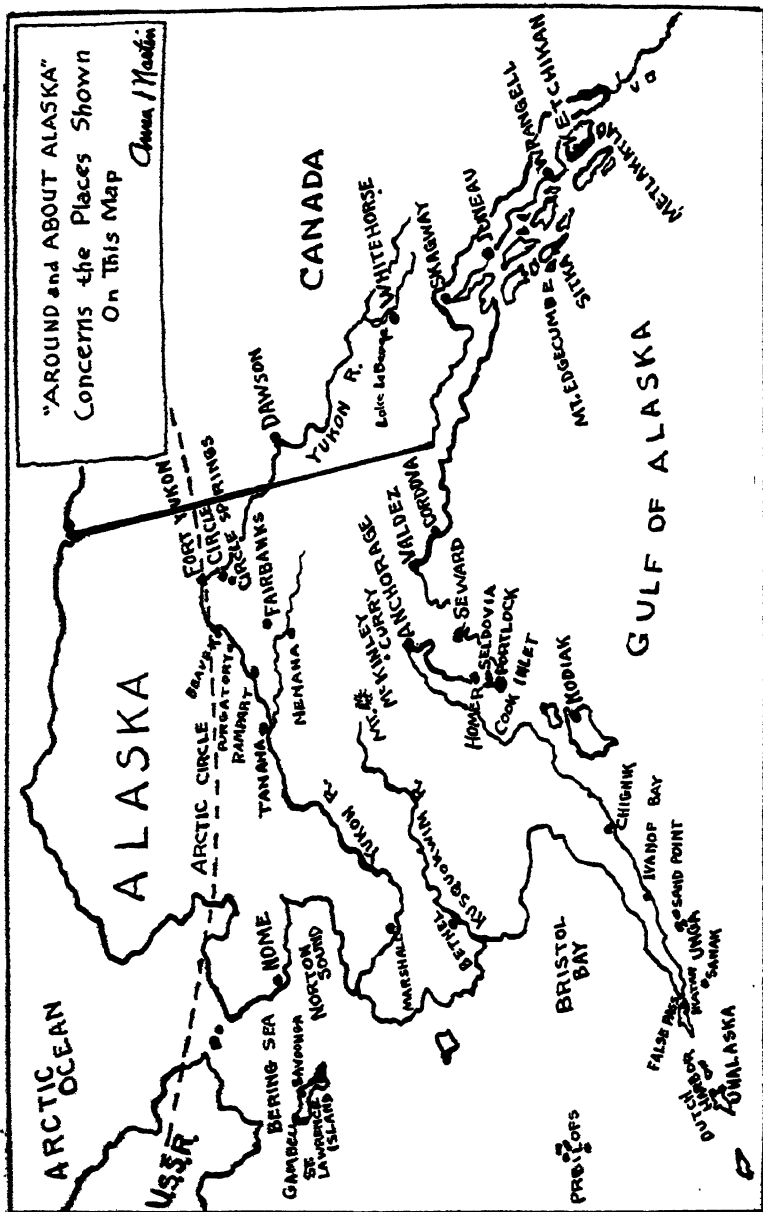
The main purpose of this account is to encourage anyone who wants to see the 49th State to go—even at the risk of wanting to stay there the rest of his days! One exposure to Alaska's charms has often led to building a permanent home. A married woman should not hesitate to follow her husband to Alaska, once he finds sufficient work to support her there. On the other hand, an unmarried woman can find her own work and take her own vacations in Alaska all by herself, as this little book proves.

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On This Map

Chua / Martin



VIEWING MOUNT MCKINLEY AT MIDNIGHT

My first vacation in Alaska, other than the initial trip by steamship from Seattle to Seward, was from that Gateway City on Resurrection Bay up the Alaska Railroad to Curry. On clear summer days, it was customary for the engineer to stop his train near Spencer to let the passengers have a chance to admire the scenery. Everybody got out of the one and only coach at that vantage point.

South of the track lay Spencer Glacier, a sight to cure tired blood, and from the glacier blew a whiff of cold air to remind one of the jacket left in the coach. To the northwest towered Mount McKinley, along with Mounts Foraker and Russell. We could hardly believe that they were over three hundred miles away as visibility was unlimited that day. The conductor told us such clear weather was unusual, and that statement made the Californians feel right at home. Just wait, I thought, until we spend the night quite near to the highest mountain on the North American continent! . . .

When the train pulled into the Anchorage depot about noon, the wind was blowing with gusty force. My hat blew off to parts unknown while I labored up the long incline to the business district. The first thing I did was to find a millinery store and buy a new hat. There was plenty of time for window shopping and for lunch before the train started north again.

After traveling a while, the fresh green of wild currant, blueberry marsh, fireweed, and bracken gave way to mile after mile of barren, burnt-over acres. The air became hot and stuffy in the railroad coach, so I went out to the rear platform. There I sat in a camp chair beside an old-timer who promptly began

to tell about the days when he had helped lay ties on the Alaska Railroad. He said that the section crews had deliberately set fire to the marshy growth on either side of the tracks in order to burn and smoke out the mosquitoes. That accounted for the dreary aspect of a long stretch of the right of way.

Smoke from the coal-burning engine and fumes from the evil-smelling pipe of my companion failed to check the pesky mosquitoes that swarmed around us whenever the train checked its speed for any reason. This annoyance, however, was preferable to the hot stuffiness of the coach, and I stayed outside with the old-timer. Enlarging on his subject of mosquitoes, he claimed that when he had worked with the section gang the varmints were larger and more vicious. Mosquitoes had often been found sticking their snouts clear through the branches of the alder bushes! Whenever that happened, the men just clamped the mosquitoes in place by cleating their beaks on the far side of the alder branches! One yarn after another helped pass the time, until wooded, mountainous land surrounded us and swamps were left behind.

That evening at Curry, where it was expected that all passengers would stay overnight at the hotel under the management of the Alaska Railroad, I was disappointed to notice that Mount McKinley was not even in sight. Visibility was still excellent, but the nearer mountains were too close. After a satisfying dinner, my first idea was to relax in the genial atmosphere of the lounge. However, a suspension bridge noticed in the brief walk from the depot, beckoned me to investigate it and to find out what lay beyond.

Off across the bridge I went, and up a well-marked trail easily visible at nine o'clock. The farther and higher I got, the more impressive the scenery became; so I kept going. On and on I climbed, eager to see new vistas from each higher level. There was some satisfaction in thinking that I was the only human being in all that vast setting. The hotel seemed a distant thing vaguely associated with security and sleep; but who wanted to sleep? Nevertheless, after two hours of solitary climbing, my better judgment kept suggesting that perhaps it would be wise

to turn back; and that was what I intended to do after reaching the top of the next rise.

Upon reaching that vantage point, however, I was startled and perhaps somewhat relieved to see two men and a dog not very far ahead on the trail. One of the men was carrying a rifle, while an older man was sitting on a rock, just calmly looking around. The man with the gun motioned for me to join them.

"What in tunket are you doing here alone?" he inquired as I approached.

I told him that I just wanted to get an unobstructed view of Mount McKinley at close range.

"Well, it ain't so close even when we *do* get to see it; besides, there are a lot of bears around here at night. You stick with us, young lady," he advised.

Then he introduced himself as the dairyman from the hotel, acting as guide for an elderly gentleman from Pennsylvania, who had had the same idea which had obsessed me. Bozo, the dog, he assured me, would let him know if any bears were around. He shifted his rifle and we resumed the climb.

The old gentleman was a slow climber, but that suited me perfectly. I would walk ahead a short distance, then just stop to breathe deep and to gaze in every direction at the marvelous panorama opening all around us. Simple prose is wholly inadequate to describe it all; one needs to be an inspired poet or a Sydney Lawrence with a magical paintbrush to do justice to such sheer beauty of color and form. The elderly climber was appreciating every bit of it too, but was showing signs of fatigue. He was just about to admit that he had gone his limit when our guide said the right word of encouragement: "You have come this high, so you might as well go on to the look-out station yonder. From there you get a sight worth the effort."

He pointed out a tiny glassed-in building that was reflecting rays of the midnight sun. Resting a bit longer, the last lap was tackled with growing expectation.

We were rewarded by seeing the sun disappear gradually behind the tip of Mount McKinley, and then reappear while

colors and shadows played hide-and-seek on surrounding mountains and valleys. Even a Sydney Lawrence could never have kept up with the changing tints and the wealth of bright colors, set off by blue and purple shadows.

Bozo brought us back to mundane affairs by growling. His master said that perhaps we had better head back, hinting that his dog might have smelled a bear hidden around some of the immense rocks. We started down the trail, with the dog so nearly underfoot that it was difficult not to step on him. As we descended, the sun seemed to drop behind the mountain again, but the trail was plainly visible in the softened light. It was after two o'clock when the hotel appeared in sight beyond the suspension bridge, and I had to admit that it looked good to me.

In parting at the porch steps, the guide said that I was the only woman to have undertaken the famous night hike that season. "Tourists are getting to be softies, nowadays; they don't know how to hit the trail." He glanced down at my stout oxfords; they were somewhat the worse for the trail, but seemed to meet his approval, nevertheless.

At that time I had lived in Alaska only three years, but now that Mount McKinley was a living presence to me, I no longer felt like a tenderfoot. And, although I had made reservations for the Outside, I felt in my bones that I would be coming back to this great land.

AROUND KENAI PENINSULA IN A SAILBOAT

One year later, in 1931, I was back in Seward. My work was to teach biology, general science and ancient history in the junior high school connected with Jesse Lee Home in those days. Interesting and challenging as the work itself was, this collection of experiences deals primarily with my days off duty and with vacations of two or three weeks' duration. In this year of 1959, my idea is to get as much of Alaska into this little book as possible, in order to inspire other women to venture north for the fun of living in our new state. Too many married women let their husbands go there alone; while too many unattached women cheat themselves of the opportunities awaiting them, just for lack of a fellow traveler. Little venture, little gain!

One of the young matrons at the mission and I had the unusual opportunity to sail around the tip of Kenai Peninsula in a ketch with friends who had made the trip several times before. My partner on this jaunt was braver than I, for she knew in advance that she was a poor sailor. She even got "sea-sick" in an automobile! But before we returned from our vacation that year, Naomi and I underwent more sea travel than we had expected for our money.

Arrangements were made in a hurry, once the decision to go had cleared the way. A Saturday afternoon was used for baking cookies and preparing vegetables for the ship's larder, and Naomi and I began to practice the few nautical terms we knew. We decided that, in addition to food (which perhaps we would not even care to eat), we would take plenty of warm clothing and blankets, including a fur robe, if we could find one. Then we agreed on keeping a day-by-day record of this

particular trip. Consequently, after all these years, I now have reference to our rather short diary. . . .

July 9, 1933

All aboard and all is well—so far!

If we are seasick tonight, we may as well climb the ladder spiked to the San Juan Dock and spread our blankets there, for we are still in Seward on a Sunday night aboard the ketch *Ida Helen*, securely anchored at the old wharf, waiting for the tide to turn. Right after chapel service at the mission, Naomi and I packed nine loaves of bread, four pounds of butter, and fourteen dozen cookies. Then we said good-by to everybody and set off with eight others for this old dock in the little boat harbor.

Naomi and I are in the forward cabin with the two-year-old son of our captain and his wife, who have a still smaller cabin, if that is possible. Getting ready for bed consisted mostly in taking off thick-soled shoes, hiking pants and heavy woolen shirts. We keep hearing bright remarks from the other rooms. "Does anyone on board have false teeth?" No answer. "Pshaw, this trip won't have any kick to it!" We knew what was meant, because a friend had nearly lost her lowers overboard during rough treatment by the high seas on a previous trip.

Someone just now asked the skipper how long it would take to get to Seldovia. "One hundred and twenty-five miles to go, at five miles an hour! Figure it for yourself!" was his reply. We know that there will be three or four stops along the way, and that tides are tricky, so there is no use to compute time before the *Ida Helen* even begins the trip. The gentle rocking of this anchored ship is making me sleepy.

July 10

At 3:30 this morning, I was wakened by the throbbing of the ship's engine. Apparently, the tide had turned, but the wind had not freshened enough to warrant hoisting sail. I rolled over on my shelflike bunk and went to sleep again for another three hours. When Naomi and I finally appeared on deck, the

ship was nearing Bear Glacier, out Thumb Cove way, not far from Harding Gateway. All was calm and beautiful, although the sun was dimmed by a light fog. How serene! How peaceful! How lovely!

But when we got out into the North Pacific in this fifty-foot ketch, how different!

For long, slow miles, the only way I could manage my balky stomach was to lie flat on it. By lying in this prone position out on deck, in the fresh air, and by not talking, or daring even to think of food, I managed fairly well. As for some of the others, all I will note is that it is a good thing they really do have their own teeth anchored—by bony roots!

Then we came to a thoroughfare formed by a series of islands. Near McArthur Glacier, we sailed into a lot of dwarf icebergs. The men succeeded in getting two good-sized chunks of ice aboard, more than enough to make a two-gallon freezer full of ice cream and still have ice remaining for friends in Seldovia.

We anchored in a snug, land-locked harbor on Sather's Fox Island at 8 o'clock this evening. After being on ship-happy decks all day, Sather's house seemed like a nice, steady, level place. We appreciated just seeing the water from the windows of a comfortable home. Our ice cream and cookies, and their root beer and hot tea, helped induce a general feeling of well-being while we listened to radio news and the weather report. Then all of us went back to the *Ida Helen* to sleep.

However, the mosquitoes had taken possession in our absence. A smudge of smoldering spruce induced most of the pests to leave or to become dormant for a while. Friendly little waves are now lapping the sides of our floating cabins and getting everyone in the mood for calling this the end of a very pleasant day.

July 11

This morning we left Sather's Fox Island with all sails set to catch what little wind there was for a while. Progress, considerably less than the boasted five miles an hour, became

slower until the sails had to be furled and the gas engine used. The mission at Seward at one time owned an old club-footed cow; it had been butchered, but was kept in memory's hall of fame by its hide, tanned and lined with durable cloth. This hairy hide is respectfully referred to as "Old Clubfoot." Right now it is spread out on deck between an upturned lifeboat and a pile of lumber, thus forming a comfortable pallet in a secluded spot. Naomi and I seldom leave this place of refuge, for two reasons. One reason is that our stomachs behave better when we lie down; another is the fresh air there, without too much wind. Interesting land formations vie with intriguing clouds of all shapes that play hide-and-seek with lumber pile and dory while we gaze upward from Clubfoot's teetering resting place.

As we rounded Kenai Peninsula to enter Cook Inlet, the tide rips caught our valiant little ship. The *Ida Helen* fought a losing battle with the powerful current and was forced to retreat. So we set sail for Pearl Island, or "Freddie's place," as the skipper called it. This Freddie was the father of some of our mission children, and Naomi and I became quite interested when we saw three young boys on shore. We encouraged the others on board to get the lifeboat out and go ashore for a picnic supper.

We soon learned that the boys, ranging in age from nine to fourteen, were there to help their dad care for the foxes that ran loose over the whole place. We invited the boys to our picnic, and they seemed to enjoy it very much, especially the roasting of wieners and marshmallows. They showed us where they lived, in a log house so old that it was actually falling apart. It was no wonder that, after the mother's death, the three younger children were sent to the mission in Seward.

About nine o'clock, we got back to the anchored ketch in our little skiff. In deep water, it is neither easy nor safe for landlubbers to boost themselves from a rocking rowboat to the deck of a small ship that is also unsteady. We are beginning to get used to this trick, however, and do it a little less awkwardly each time. At ten-thirty this evening, we arrived here in Port-

lock and tied up to the dock. The night is perfect for sleeping on deck, although it is rather breezy and not dark at all.

July 12

The clamoring sea gulls waked us at an unreasonable hour. I gave a sleepy glance at the glorious view Portlock offers on a clear morning and lay down again. By six o'clock, I was ready to get up. Dressing consisted in taking off one pair of the two pairs of woolen socks and putting on hiking shoes, jacket and cap. Washing-up was also sketchy; likewise the tooth-brushing and the hairdo. With my camera hanging around my neck, so that it bounced along my spine, I shinnied up a most rickety ladder like Jack up his bean stalk. Even allowing for twenty-two-foot tides, this ladder did not reach the low deck of the *Ida Helen*, so it was a long reach and a bigger step even to get started upward. The almost baffling maneuver, however, was to circumvent the projecting plank from the dock itself. The end of the plank held the whole ladder, which was swinging on its next-to-top rung, threatening to slip off. After negotiating that hazard (and making a brief survey of the village for snapshots), the big problem was to descend that same ladder. Amused observers on the deck of the *Ida Helen* helped to steady the "bean stalk," so I got back for breakfast in one piece.

Leaving Portlock, we entered Cook Inlet with the tide. St. Augustine Island added to the picturesque beauty of the entrance. Mount Iliamna showed off in great style; while farther north, Mount Redoubt's snowy peaks were lost in a mass of clouds.

Seldovia gave the impression of being perched on stilts, because of the boardwalk built over the water the full length of the town. There we stayed just long enough to deliver some letters, then do a few errands before setting out for Homer while the tide and wind were still favorable. The main purpose of this whole trip was to get lumber to Homer, where the mission wanted to establish an experimental farm.

As the *Ida Helen* approached the Homer beach, our skipper called attention to an outcrop of coal that showed plainly. He

told us that each high tide mined coal for the settlers in that area. The quality of the coal was good enough for household purposes.

Since no dock has been built here as yet, boards had to be tied together, about twenty at a time, and lowered into the bay. Two boys in a rowboat towed the lumber to shore and dragged each installment above high-water mark. The last load included two windows, a kitchen range, and household supplies. The young fellows left on the beach with their equipment must have felt like real pioneers as the *Ida Helen* hoisted anchor and set sail for Seldovia again.

July 14

The *Discoverer* is not here in Seldovia yet. We learned today that the skipper is having some difficulty in Anchorage over a refusal on his part to pay for wharfage. His contention is that if the city won't furnish a night watchman or lights or water or services of any sort, then he is under no obligation to pay anything. His only passenger was landed in a rowboat, and the horse he was to deliver on dock was lowered overboard to swim ashore. Some rumpus! Anyhow, we are not starting back to Seward today. Guess we'll make ice cream out of canned milk, using some of the ice lassoed four days ago near McArthur Glacier. We learned today that ships sometimes stop in the channel there on purpose to pick up ice for use in Seldovia and other towns in this area.

July 15

Today we had the good fortune to get started back to Seward in a roundabout way on the steamer *Curacoa*. Arrangements were made in a hurry, and we do not know what the fare will be; but the route takes us on to Kodiak Island, then straight down to Cordova, which actually lies northeast of Seward. In Cordova we shall be transferred to an Alaska Steamship Company passenger-freighter, probably the S.S. *Aleutian*. Our fare may be anywhere from twelve to twenty dollars.

Now, as I write these notes, we are anchored off the beach

near a cannery at Snug Harbor. A tugboat pushes a scow out to the *Curacoa* with great loads of canned salmon. Forty cartons are hoisted aboard at a time, hour after hour.

By the way, after that experience last week of sleeping like stowaways on the deck of the *Ida Helen*, back of the lumber pile, we are now first-class passengers. Our stateroom has two berths, the lower of which is of three-fourths width. There is plenty of room for suitcases and even for old Clubfoot's hide.

This evening we attended a movie show that lasted until ten-thirty, down in the dining saloon. The pictures had been taken by a Kodiak guide, Charles Madsen, just returning from the big fair in Chicago. His movies were a combination of fair and big game, Chicago and Kodiak Island. We got quite a thrill out of seeing these movies while the *Curacoa* plied its course through Shelikof Strait.

Sunday, July 16

After loading salmon at Uganic (on Kodiak Island), we are moving along toward Ouzinki and may be there before midnight. In the meantime, Naomi and I are luxuriously comfortable in our stateroom, with the door hooked wide open so as not to miss the sunset. There are enough clouds to make the sky gay with all the colors of the rainbow; nine o'clock, and it's still light. During the day we made the acquaintance of "Toughie," a black bear cub that Mr. Madsen has on board.

July 17

This has been an interesting day at Kodiak. We followed Mr. Madsen and Toughie to see three Kodiak bear cubs chained in Madsen's back yard. They were snarling, ugly little brutes, mean as any critter could be. At full growth—*wowie!*

At the Russian Church, Father Kashevaroff, the courteous priest in charge, showed us a valuable collection of religious artifacts in brass, crystal, tapestry and inlay work. Embroidered vestments were particularly lovely in coloring and in rich material.

Then we were very fortunate to have a chance to go over

to Woody Island to visit the Baptist mission. The dory making the short trip seemed full enough without us, but the superintendent of the mission, Mr. Gowdy, urged Naomi and me to pile in on top of the boxes and sacks. He promised to get us back in time for the scheduled leavetaking of the *Curacoa*. We didn't need much urging.

We were favorably impressed with the mission and its management. Garden-making there was a big problem. The land had been covered by ashes over two feet deep back in 1912, when Mount Katmai, just across Shelikof Strait, blew its top. All those ashes had to be carted off before any farming could be done. An enormous skin rug, made from the hide of a Kodiak bear, covered the floor of Gowdy's living room. It helped us to believe some of Madsen's wild stories, which we had considered somewhat exaggerated. We were told that Woody Island itself does not have any bears, so the children can roam at large without fear.

July 18

We were on the high seas of the stormy Gulf of Alaska all day. Now, thank goodness, our ship is in Montague Strait, east of Seward, instead of south and west, as we were yesterday. At Port Ashton we stopped and had the chance to visit three packing houses and a herring saltery. We saw men at work sewing five fine-meshed nets together. These nets are to be used for deep fishing, sometimes as deep as thirty or forty fathoms. Now our ship approaches LaTouche, where dismantled machinery from a copper mine is to be put aboard the *Curacoa*.

July 19

We arrived in Cordova about 5:00 A.M. After breakfast, Naomi and I proceeded to write letters on deck, where it was quite windy. The captain saw us there and invited us up to his pilothouse, where we could write in comfort. Then the chief engineer discovered us and volunteered to make out duplicate copies of his mileage report.

Since all these extra miles had bothered us, because of the

added cost in getting back to Seward after the *Discoverer* had failed back in Seldovia, we were really interested. The report reads:

Seldovia to Snug Harbor	48 miles
Snug Harbor to Uganik	154 "
Uganik to Ouzinki	57 "
Ouzinki to Kodiak	15 "
Kodiak to Port Ashton	196 "
Port Ashton to Crab Bay	2 "
Crab Bay to LaTouche	5 "
LaTouche to Point Etches	53 "
Point Etches to Cordova	50 "

Then Naomi and I figured the total: 580 miles

S. S. <i>Curacoa</i>	580 miles
<i>Ida Helen</i> (ketch)	125 "
S. S. <i>Aleutian</i> (due today)	257 "

grand total 962 miles

And *then* we really were worried about cost! Checking with the purser, we heaved sighs of relief when we learned that all we had to pay was the straight fare from Seldovia to Seward, \$13.50 apiece. A little more figuring convinced us that our unforgettable vacation was costing us about one and one-third cents per mile, and this included eats and everything for ten days. On the strength of that happy ending, we went shopping!

IN AND OUT OF SITKA

When the idea of having a junior high school at the mission in Seward was discarded in favor of sending the qualified students to the high school in town, I accepted the opportunity to teach at the Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka. Other sources can tell the reader about that school (which has developed into a junior college), and about the museum, the churches, the forts and incidents connected with the early history of the Russian occupation. Here I am recording a few side trips away from that beautifully located city.

Mount Edgecumbe stands on Kruzof Island, northwest of Baranof Island, where Sitka is located. Mount Edgecumbe is a true landmark, highly appreciated by mariners and landsmen alike. Moreover, it beckons hikers who like to get up early in the morning. That time of day is the most satisfactory for getting across the Sound preparatory to the climb.

I joined a party of eight, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty years. We left Sitka at four o'clock on a clear morning, in a fishing boat. Breakfast was prepared and eaten on board ship while crossing Sitka Sound, a matter that took less than an hour. The fishing boat was anchored and a dory used to get us on shore, in two installments.

Before beginning any real climbing, we found out that there were four wooded areas and three swamps to cross. If I were to take this trip again, I would plan on having boots for the first part of the hike; then I would remove them and leave them to be picked up on the return trip over that marshy area. Stout, thick-soled shoes that lace over the ankles would be ideal for the rest of the hike. Some of our group had low, thin-soled

oxfords or tennis shoes that got wet and allowed pebbles to collect inside, making for discomfort and slow progress.

Nevertheless, we made the summit, 3,500 feet up, in five hours and a half, with frequent pauses to admire the scenery. The day turned out to be sunny and hot. As we sat on the brim of this extinct volcano, we tried to identify some of the islands of the Alexander Archipelago, visible from this bird's-eye viewpoint. The glorious view was too lovely for words; so we just sat there quietly absorbing the full effect. In the quietness, trickling water was heard; it seemed nearby, although there were no streams at that elevation. One of the men descended the bowl-shaped crater and investigated. Soon he called out: "Anyone thirsty? Come and get it!" Everyone was *extra* thirsty; so there was a scramble to the south side of the crater, where a trickle of ice-cold water satisfied all of us.

There we were, on the top of Alaska's Fuji! The unusual curve of the slopes in every direction was quite true to the form shown in all pictures of Fujiyama. We spent some time rolling stones down those slopes, because we could see the course they took for such long distances.

Three hours was the time spent in making the downward trip and across those swamps again. The wind was blowing fog across the sound. On the way to Kruzof Island, we had eaten hotcakes and honey; on the way back, Irish stew and apple pie were untouched, except by the hardy sailors who did not mind the choppy waves that seemed to push the fishing boat back to Sitka with diabolical vengeance.

Another memorable outing in the vicinity of Sitka was an ideal two weeks at Goddard, known better as Sitka Hot Springs. The home-economics teacher, the registered nurse and I planned this vacation in detail well in advance. We even agreed to take turns at being cook, assistant cook, and lady of leisure. I started out as assistant cook; became chief cook the next day; was promoted to lady of leisure the third; and so on. This system worked well, especially on the day with no assigned duties whatever.

Final arrangements were made, and we three set out in a motorboat smaller than any we had supposed could ever brave Pacific swells. It had an inboard motor, but no place to take refuge from waves that from time to time splashed its occupants. The ocean was fairly calm, and off-shore islands formed a sheltered channel most of the way; yet where the port side had an unobstructed view in the general direction of China, our launch did a lot of heave-ho. It was the sort of trip enjoyed a little more in retrospect.

At Goddard, the motor coughed its last noisy cough at a small dock in a sheltered spot formed by an off-shore island. Back from the embankment a few rods was an attractive hotel, with a row of cabins extending in line among the trees on one side of it. We were given our choice of several cabins, all of which were very clean and warm. We learned right then that every building on the premises was heated by hot water from a large spring located back of the hotel. The outlook from the picture windows of that hotel was something special. A stand of trees had been felled on the ridge of the off-shore island, just so that Mount Edgecumbe could be seen from the lobby. The framing was perfect!

One morning, when it was my turn to be lady of leisure, I rashly decided to row outside the small harbor to get the feel of the ocean swells again. I didn't bargain on the depth or height or strength of those on-from-Asia waves. At first, I pulled straight into them, and the rowboat behaved all right; but in trying to follow the shore of the outlying island, things became too much for me. The dory slithered down a deep trough, and when it came up for air again it was too near the rocky shore of that coast for safety. It was a good thing I had been taught how to handle a pair of oars from the time I was old enough to manage them, because it was nip and tuck to get around and back where the seas were calm. Back at the dock, I got scolded for my foolish project; nobody had any sympathy for the crop of blisters on the palms of my hands. How the Vikings outwitted wind and waves in the early days is still a mystery to me.

The Goddard sisters who managed the hotel had a likable

old Saint Bernard dog, a rather spoiled pet that liked to be in the thick of any venture. One morning the dog was carefully kept indoors until five of us could get a good start to a neighboring island for clams. We got so busy filling a couple of gunny sacks with clams as large as baseballs that we did not notice the dog's presence until he fairly crawled out of the water, too tired even to shake himself at first. It was also too tired to swim the distance back, although it was near enough for a dog built for swimming, or one not so old and pampered.

The teen-age boy who had rowed us across to the clam beach was quite dubious about another hefty passenger on the trip back. Hanging on to the Saint's collar until all the rest of us were in the boat, the boy let the dog get in last at the prow, then waded around to his seat at the oars right after shoving the dory clear of the beach. We found that at least we were still afloat. The Saint was on his good behavior, for once, mostly because he was too tired for anything else. He stood motionless as a figurehead while only a little water trickled over the gunwales at each pull of the oars. We were nearly capsized in shallow water at the dock when the dog bounded out, but since everyone had worn boots anyway, the water that sloshed into the boat then didn't matter.

The burlap sacks containing our precious clams were hung at the end of the dock a little below the water line to "wash themselves." This simplified the cleaning process, a job not tackled until the next day. Bass and cod were caught from that same dock, and we had plenty of fresh fish, thus saving the tinned meats and canned salmon brought along in our supplies. Sea anemones were numerous all around there. It was interesting to lie face down on the dock and watched the tentacles of sea anemones unfold, revealing beautiful orchid colors.

The chief attraction, after all, was the spring of very hot water that made this place important. To get baths from the spring water, we would go to the hotel. The generous-sized tubs there were made of hard wood, as the minerals from the hot springs played havoc with porcelain finish. With water up to our necks, we could put ourselves to soak for as long as we

could stand the sulphuric smell. After getting used to the odor, we were rewarded by a feeling of well-being.

More should be said about the heating system. Directly from the main hot spring, piped water entered the rooms of the cottage near the ceiling and coiled back and down to the base-board in six turns on one or two sides of the rooms heated. What luxury it was to return to the warmth of comfortable quarters after a long hike, with no heater to stoke! We did bring in split wood from a neat pile by the back door for cooking purposes, but the assistant cook, whoever she happened to be for the day, never grumbled.

It was with reluctance that we left Sitka Hot Springs and the gracious hospitality of the Goddard women who owned the place. Alaska was just that much more satisfactory for having known them and their unique resort. (If I am not mistaken, the whole place is now used for Alaskan sourdoughs from all over the state as part of the Sitka Pioneer Home plan.)

Eight years later.

During my last year at the school in Sitka, in 1941, a very special ship was being built by expert shipwrights for the use of the mission and for the work of the Presbyterian Church in southeastern Alaskan waters. As it turned out, however, the U.S. Navy took it over for reconnaissance work during the war. Later—in 1944, I believe—this ship, the *Princeton-Hall*, was returned to its true owners to serve the purpose for which it was built. In 1949, I had the good fortune to have a four-day cruise on this motor vessel.

That particular year, I was on another vacation and had just walked up from the Sitka dock to the campus to pay my respects to good friends there, including the librarian. When this particular friend asked me to accompany her on the *Princeton-Hall* while it made the rounds in southeastern waters to collect students for the new school year, I accepted the invitation quickly. It was about the nicest thing that had ever happened to me.

This motor vessel, the *Princeton-Hall*, is about as trim a ship as one can find anywhere. (Now it has a sister ship named the *Anna Jackman*.) The *Princeton-Hall* is just about sixty-four feet long, sturdily built, and well equipped for negotiating tricky currents and stormy weather. It can "sleep" about thirty people. It was understood at the start of the trip that I would get off and proceed with the vacation originally planned whenever the *Princeton-Hall* got too full of high school students for comfort. That suited me all right, too,

So on the fourteenth of September, 1949, after a lapse of eight years, I was again experiencing a trip out of Sitka. Back in 1927, when I had taken the inland-passage trip from Seattle to Seward, one of the things that had intrigued me most was meeting small vessels and looking down on their decks from a big steamship stirring up waves that rocked them. Now things were reversed. On meeting a large steamer, we looked just about straight up to see faces peering down at us. Then we would experience an abrupt pitching of decks as the wake of the passing steamer was entered. I am sure that being on the tossing, smaller ship was a lot more fun.

Cooking in the small but well-designed galley was a pleasure. The skipper, his assistant, the librarian and I were the only passengers and crew, so what little work we found was done in a leisurely, carefree fashion. No stops were made until Petersburg was reached; and then we went right past the big wharf and anchored in the little boat harbor. I wondered whether or not we could ever find the *Princeton-Hall* after our visit to the business section of the town. There was no need to worry. Coming back to where the small craft was anchored, our ship stood out like a thoroughbred among lesser breeds.

Whenever it was foggy, or the tides were unfavorable, the *Princeton-Hall* lay at anchor in some cove or tied up to a dock along the way. While I was on board, there were not many ports of call for taking on passengers. The idea was to go south as far as Metlakatla on Annette Island for Sheldon Jackson students, then pick up others on the return trip to Sitka. Since two trips were going to be made before school started, this

first pickup did not include Hydaburg, Craig, or Klawak. However, before getting to Metlakatla, a stop was made at Old Kasaan, Prince of Wales Island. This is one of the oldest sites of an early Tsimpsean village. No one seemed to be there at all, but we rambled around looking at old graves and picking salmon berries and wild flowers that grew all over the place.

I did not keep a record of distances taken to get to Metlakatla; but considering the winding nature of the course, it was probably nearly 150 miles from Petersburg. We got to Metlakatla on the sixteenth, and stayed only long enough to pick up some students, then turned north toward Wrangell, which is fairly near the mouth of the Stikine River (the place to go to see bears in their native haunts). The well-behaved teen-agers on board took over what few duties I had assumed aboard ship, along with other jobs, so I felt rather useless. According to the original plan, I left this very special ship as it took on more passengers at Wrangell. My wide, double berth was taken over by three girls almost immediately, as Wrangell was reached in the middle of the night.

The regular tourist always plans to see the famous totem poles in Wrangell, but I had already seen them on a previous trip. The industrial school on the outskirts of town I had also seen a few years before.

So, without staying over in that interesting town, I got an early "bush pilot" plane going to Juneau; then transferred to a "Flying Goose," an amphibian plane that got me to Haines up toward the head of Lynn Canal, not many miles from Skagway. My plan was then carried out for getting to White Horse by bus, for a day or two of rest, before returning to Anchorage by bus, and on down to Seward on the Alaskan railway. That rather long bus travel on "Pony Cruiser" was another interesting part of my varied vacation in the year 1949.

SAINT LAWRENCE ISLAND EXPERIENCES

Saint Lawrence Island lies out in the Bering Sea, nearer to the Siberian coast than to the Alaskan mainland. It just about reaches the 172d meridian, where the international date line makes a jog east from its 180° norm to avoid cutting through Russia's Chuckchi Peninsula. On a clear day in Gambell, there is a chance to see the hills on Cape Chukotski lying to the northwest. Gambell is the larger of the two villages on Saint Lawrence Island. Between North Cape and Cape Kukuliak is the smaller village of Savoonga, where I was stationed for nearly three years, a period broken by a year of evacuation during 1942-43. By "evacuation," I refer only to six "whites," who included the schoolteachers, nurse and missionary. The seventh and only other one of our race stayed in Gambell to take charge of their unit of the Alaska Territorial Guard.

I got to the island in August of 1941, on the Coast Guard cutter *Atlantis*. A few days after landing, a Japanese vessel disguised as a fishing boat glided slowly by as close to the rocky shoreline as prudence allowed. Everyone with a telescope or pair of binoculars tried to find out what was going on to warrant such unusual maneuvers. As far as we could make out, nearly everyone on that ship's deck was looking at Gambell through spyglasses of some sort. We agreed, too, that the ship was no ordinary fishing vessel; it left in too big a hurry, once the inspection was over. It all seemed quite mysterious; that is to say, it *appeared* to be a mystery until December of that year, when the United States was pushed into World War II.

The next June there was a rumor that thirty Japanese ships were approaching the south side of Saint Lawrence Island.

Radio messages were sent to Nome, and a PBY-3 bomber came and landed on the small lake back of Gambell. Three school-teachers, a little boy, the nurse and I were put aboard. There was no place to sit, so we stood up in the bombing area or leaned against the radio operator's bench or that of the navigator. All of the Eskimos of Gambell, and even some from Savoonga, were on the shore of that little lake to see us off.

The pictures I took of the villagers and of the plane were censored and kept by security authorities for over a year. However, they now serve as a prize record of our departure in June, 1942. By the next summer, after spending some months in Seward and later in Matanuska Valley, I returned to Savoonga.

It is concerning the next two years that I shall write, although in many respects that first winter on Saint Lawrence was the most impressive. I kept a fairly detailed diary, from which selections have been chosen to give an over-all picture.

Nome, Alaska, August 31, 1943

Yesterday I left Anchorage in a Lockheed Vega with four other passengers, two young women and two young salesmen. Sitting in two rows, facing each other, knees touching, it did not take long to get acquainted. The young women had well-paying jobs waiting for them in a restaurant. The young fellows acted as though they were out to see the North and have a good time doing it; but they represented business firms and seemed to know what they were about.

Perfect visibility enabled us to see Cook Inlet at its best. To the north, Mount McKinley and neighboring mountains showed themselves off in grand style. Rivers, lakes, tundra reflected the shadow of our plane far below. Flying under such conditions, with cheerful companions within easy talking distance (in spite of the racket enveloping us) was a joy.

Before getting into Galena, however, great billowing clouds obscured everything. Only an occasional rift gave a reassuring glimpse of land. Darting swiftly down and through one of these rifts, the plane landed on a government field. It struck a mud puddle and then it skimmed along rapidly, slackening speed

hardly at all. The brakes had become wet and failed to function. Rather than dive into the Yukon River with all aboard, the pilot swerved the Lockheed; and after a while, it stopped a few feet from a parked truck. About the only thing anybody said was: "Whew!"

Right there on the air strip, we got lunch (\$2.50) and were soon ready to resume flight toward Nome, which lay due west of Galena. All afternoon we traveled either in fog or above it, until there just did not seem to be such a thing as getting above it. The last lap of that ride, instead of being extra high in the skies, was at low level, directly over the breakers that formed a white guiding line on the shores of Norton Sound. Once the right wing came so near a steep cliff that we women folk couldn't help exclaiming about it. One of the salesmen tried to relieve the tension by remarking casually: "The pilot always leaves a tally mark on that cliff to keep track of the times he comes this way!"

We arrived in Nome at five o'clock in the morning, hours late. By Nome time it was 4:00 A.M. The hotel was full. Restaurants were closed. Reluctantly, we set our watches back and waited impatiently for a chance to eat breakfast somewhere, for it had been a long time since that light lunch in Galena.

Fortunately, I have a friend here in Nome. These notes are written in her home. I can stay here a few days until I find passage to the island; just when that will be is uncertain. While here, I am going to try to find a sled dog to take with me to Savoonga.

October 8, Gambell, Saint Lawrence Island

Five weeks later!

Waiting in Nome for a ship to the island took me over a month instead of a few days. I had plenty of time to find a good sled dog. The doctor's wife put me wise to the fact that soldiers here were being transferred, and those who had dogs were ordered to get rid of them before leaving. My dog was the pet of a certain sergeant who had even trained him "to heel"

and had housebroken him. The dog's name is "Graybel," and he is part German shepherd. He is young, but trained to work with a team. I could have had an older lead dog, but fell in love with Graybel at first sight. Everyone admires him, so his good qualities are not just a figment of my imagination.

Getting to Gambell was quite an event. An Eskimo woman and her four children—including a very young baby—a school-teacher and I took passage out of Nome on a United States passenger-freighter. My big sled dog was handed over to the ship's crew; but the teacher's just weaned puppy was too little for such treatment. Since the teacher and I shared a stateroom, that pup kept us both busy and rather complicated matters when the going got rough.

By outboard motorboat, we got to a barge lying alongside the ship. From that fairly steady foothold, all of us clambered aboard and our dogs and goods were boosted on deck. By midnight, or a little later, we were headed west. The wind blew hard all night and increased in intensity until an honest-to-goodness gale developed from what had been a stiff breeze. The afternoon of the first day out, we were opposite Savoonga, but the seas were too high for an anchor to hold for any lightering deal. Three hours later, we were opposite Gambell, but the waves were still higher, making a great upheaval all along the shore line. The warrant officer in charge of the passenger-freighter had his ship head directly into the wind, and that took us northwest along the Siberian coast. That ship could teeter-totter and rock-and-roll sideways at the same time; and it did just that! The puppy got dumped out of its carton repeatedly and would whimper pathetically until replaced in its slithering box. Time and again, I thought for sure that I would be dashed out of my upper berth.

At dawn, after sixty miles or more of this head-on buffeting, a turnabout was made. That time the ship took a monstrous slap on the side that *did* tip us out of our bunks! Later, we learned that the oldest little Eskimo called out to his mother, who was very seasick: "Mama, are we sinking?" She answered: "I don't know and I don't care!" To avoid having her young-

sters spilled out of the berths, she had wisely fixed pallets for them on the floor of their stateroom that adjoined ours. Just what was done with the baby, I don't know. We had enough of a problem with one little puppy!

By noon we were at Gambell again. The breakers on shore were high, and, to tell the truth, rather forbidding. However, land looked very good to the schoolteacher and me. The ship anchored offshore a quarter of a mile or so, and we were lightered the remaining gap by Eskimos in a skin boat. The method of getting into that boat was about as awkward as possible. In turn, we climbed over the thwarts and hung on the railing, one foot out in space until an Eskimo in charge hollered, "Drop!" Several pairs of arms guided the drop until a thump announced that the maneuver had been accomplished.

Even with skill in managing anchors, and know-how concerning the correct wave to follow and correct timing of a drag anchor thrown out at the stern of the skin boat, those sitting in the stern were drenched. I was sitting in the prow and wore boots, so I was allowed to leap on the rolling pebbles and to clamber up the short steep bank, where willing hands hauled me up the last heave-ho. The year before, I had been hauled up, like a sack of flour, over a stout Eskimo's shoulders. Then I had vowed that if boots would do the trick, I would be wearing them the next time. Anyhow, we all got up that bank safely, due to the skill of the Gambell Eskimos, who knew just what to do in that tricky situation.

Right now, I am not too enthusiastic about going on to Savoonga tomorrow, or whenever that trip is made. Even Graybel has lost some of his pep. The sailors said he "behaved like a gentleman" during the storm. They wanted to keep him!

October 15 (*five days later*)

Early Sunday afternoon, James took his son and me out to the ship for the trip to Savoonga, about sixty miles from Gambell by water. The son is a deck hand. A good dinner was fully appreciated as we lay at anchor in fairly quiet waters, but we were told that the barometer was falling. Soon after getting

under way, the wind began to blow like fury again. At ten o'clock, the ship got opposite Savoonga, which was lighted in expectation of our arrival. The ship's whistle was blown repeatedly, and then a skin boat shoved off through the surf and a boatload of Eskimos came out to the ship. The crew of that small craft held oars out at arm's length to prevent their boat from slamming into the freighter.

Some loud shouting got across the gap, but nothing else. The Savoonga men advised that I stay on board until morning, since it was so awfully rough and dark in spite of village lights a mile away. The captain would not risk sending the mail sacks ashore either, as he thought that could be done more safely in daylight. The trouble with that decision was that the storm increased in a maddening way and anchors would not hold. Moreover, a sandbar extends out into Bering Sea near Savoonga from a creek that flows just east of the village.

All night long, attempts were made to anchor at one place or another. I was so seasick that nothing mattered. By riding out the storm, the passenger-freighter got back to Gambell, instead of Savoonga, the following evening. Then there was that lightering job to be done on me again. But this time, I was too washed out and limp even to stand up. A stout chain was snapped in place, belt-fashion, and I was hoisted like a drum of oil over the rail and lowered into a little skin boat bobbing below like a delirious cork. Accompanied by yells all around me, I was toted up the steep gravel bank willy-nilly. The men had enough to do to manage their boat, so I told them I would be all right after getting my land legs again. The trouble this time was that the land seemed to heave and ho just like the deck of the ship. I had to crawl on hands and knees to get up to the schoolhouse. Even after a tub bath, fresh pajamas and a comfortable davenport bed at my disposal, the whole schoolhouse and the adjoining apartment seemed to sway and dip and rock just as persistently as the ship had done during a day and half of misery.

It looks now that I shall be stranded in Gambell and allowed to live in the nurse's quarters until snow flies sufficiently

to form a sled trail to Savoonga. My coal supply for the year was dumped by the ship on the south side of the island at a reindeer camp—about as far away as it could be and still be on Saint Lawrence Island.

November 19 (*over a month later*)

I got here in Savoonga yesterday after a day and a half on a very rough trail. It was so very stormy that it seemed foolish to me to start out from Gambell at all. However, the Eskimos were sure the weather would clear, and it did—for a while. The dogs were slow, even with Graybel to help pull the load. The trail was extra long because of detours and unsafe conditions on salty lagoons. We went at a snail's pace, or so it seemed to me. In places the ground had no snow at all. The sled was short and took the bumps with a vengeance. After nine hours of this sort of travel, we were only three-fourths of the way; whereas under normal trail conditions, the whole trip could easily have been done in seven hours. By the time we got to Collier, which is just a one-family stop at a reindeer camp, it was dark and stormy again. We were glad to be invited to stay overnight by the hospitable Eskimos living there.

At first glance, the one-room house did not seem to have any free space for even one guest, and there were two of us. One-half the floor space was designated for sleep by a split log, fixed curved side up to serve as a headrest. Plenty of blankets and robes were piled at that end of the room for a fairly comfortable pallet. This was intended for the parents, the grandparents and two children.

The other half of the room contained a kitchen range giving off welcome heat. One corner held a mother dog and a litter of newborn pups. From the ceiling hung a gasoline lantern and a dead white fox that was dripping blood into a large wash basin. The place was clean and homelike in spite of this crude setting.

When bedtime came, quite soon after supper and a good hot tea, the kindly host turned to me and asked politely, "Where would you like to sleep?"

"Anywhere you say," I replied.

A family consultation was held in the Eskimo language. Then the nice-looking teen-age girl of the family climbed a three-rung ladder and cleared off an enormous shelf built right over the sleeping unit. By pushing a variety of things aside, and carefully dusting the place with a large cormorant wing that reached to the far wall right under the rafters of the ceiling, the guest room was ready. I had my own sleeping bag. This was placed on the shelf. After removing shoes and slacks and heavy wool shirt, I crawled into the sleeping bag and was all set. "Crawling" is the correct word, because the elevated guest room was too near to the ceiling for me to sit up straight. How thankful I was for the privacy the thoughtful host had provided! At first I was also thankful for the heat. However, after that little stove was stoked for the night, I felt hotter than I had even been on visits to Florida or California. In fact, I was reminded of a fancy steam bath I had once had on the top floor of the Saint Francis Hotel in San Francisco. To the whimper of baby pups, and the plop-plops of blood still dripping into the wash basin on the floor, I actually got to sleep.

The next day was fair. Sunrise over the low hills to the south was lovely. Moreover, the day was not too cold and the wind had died to a soft breeze. I was just thinking that the trip ahead would have a perfect setting if only the dogs were not literally so dog-tired. Then Nick W. of Savoonga drove up with a lively team and an empty sled. He had come to find out whether or not something had happened to our team. It did not take long to swap sleds. My sleeping bag was used as a pillow beneath me, and away we whizzed in grand style!

So it was that the trip that had begun so tediously came to an end with a flourish. We arrived at noon, with folks out to greet us in friendly Savoonga fashion. My own one-room house looked inviting, and my good neighbors made me feel at home again.

My recent dog-team trip makes me recall an all-night boat trip from Gambell over two years ago, in August.

The sky was still light with a sunset glow at nine o'clock when we left Gambell, and a lovely soft twilight lingered long as we followed the rugged shoreline. To keep the spray off, a fence of canvas had been devised on the windward side. Hot tea was brewed by using a primus stove. About sixteen of us squatted on blankets in the bottom of that skin boat, which was propelled by a motor rigged in a well-like shaft in the middle of the boat. I kept wondering when the motor would shake loose and water pour in; but that was before I knew how clever these Eskimos are at figuring out the impossible.

Now that both trips are over, and I am comparing them, it is hard to tell which I found the more interesting. All in all, I think the boat trip was the choice one. But both will be remembered as long as I live. In my opinion, dog-team trips are not as romantic as they are cracked up to be in story books!

December 25, 1943, Savoonga (10:00 P.M.)

Christmas Eve was celebrated in time-honored fashion at the government schoolhouse. An animal play was presented in the Eskimo language. Each year, I am told, improvements are made in the animal costumes, so that accounts for the really clever outfits.

A pelican, a crow and an owl were played by quite small children. The owl was a little skinny for such a bird, but all the children looked the part. The big walrus, the brown bear and the double-jointed reindeer were well acted too. There was a lot of laughter throughout the performance. Maybe the laughs were due to the shenanigans of the double-jointed reindeer, played by two lively boys dressed in real reindeer hide. The older people, grandpas and grandmas, seemed to enjoy the performance immensely.

After the show, I went back to my house, where the fire had been out for some time. It took me until two o'clock to get the place warmed. Then I got up at three, and again at five, to stoke the fire in my kitchen range. It is a good stove, but not made to keep a fire going all night in windy weather. By the way, just for the record, this stove came from Kokulik, where

the Alaska University had a scientific expedition stationed back in the 1930's. It was rusty but otherwise in good condition when I got permission to use it. Now it is shined regularly each week and is in good service.

At eight-thirty this Christmas morning, I emerged from my warm blankets again and got dressed in a fairly warm room—fifty degrees. I took time for a hot breakfast, then stoked the fire and went to the school to get the stage and manger scene set up. A white fox skin looked quite appropriate doing duty as a lamb. Straw that had been kept for the insulation of mukluks was placed in the manger, and a large flashlight imbedded in the straw was there to represent the Babe. During the tableau later, the Wise Men looked their part even though they were dressed in new parkas. They sang, "We Three Kings of the Orient Are." With good singing and a happy spirit, the program proceeded nicely. Mission gifts were distributed afterwards.

Right after the program, I went home long enough to stoke the fire again, then hurried back to the nurse's quarters located under the same roof as the schoolhouse. With only four white people in the village, we had planned to eat together family style.

We were in the act of putting the hot dishes on the table when word came that Daisy expected her baby any minute. The nurse left promptly, and we waited an hour or so while she encouraged a nearly "gone" baby to live.

We, the four whites of the village, eventually sat down to an excellent dinner, which included roasted reindeer, quite juicy and tender. Oranges and apples, that had been dipped in melted paraffin months before, formed the centerpiece. This fresh fruit on a black plate was lighted by red candles in black candlesticks. It made a memorable centerpiece to eyes unaccustomed to anything but canned foods. Our Christmas dinner did not look much like wartime in a jumping-off place, where supplies come only once a year from the great Outside. It was not so pleasant to come home to a cold house with water frozen in the buckets; but all in all, this has been a happy day!

March 15, 1944, Savoonga

One of our favorite citizens lost his life today while out hunting walrus from shore ice east of the village. When he threw his harpoon into a big walrus, the short manila rope he was using, instead of the usual long rawhide, became entangled around his left arm. Before there was any chance to get the rope off, the walrus had pulled him from the smooth ice around the pool into the waters of Bering Sea. Fifteen other hunters were close by, but the tragedy happened in a matter of seconds. For two hours the men searched in vain for any sign of their friend. When all hope was gone, they stood around the pool and offered a prayer as they would have done under ordinary circumstances of death by the side of a grave.

Walrus hunting is dangerous business, or so it seems to me. Here it is usually done on offshore ice. The animal is hit with a harpoon fastened on a spear thrown with all the force a man can muster. The air bladder of a walrus is near the head. If air is in the bladder at the time of a lethal blow, the dead walrus will float; otherwise, it sinks. So the idea in the mind of the hunter is to kill the creature when the chances are favorable. Two strong men are unable to hold a walrus that tries to get away. Several men are needed to pull a harpooned walrus out of water, as even the skin itself may weigh a ton. The largest walrus ever obtained in Savoonga weighed two tons. A skin will cover the floor of a good-sized room or tent—as rooms and tents go in these parts. I was also told that if there are not at least eight or ten men, or else a team of dogs to haul the carcass back to camp, then the dead weight has to be rolled over and over and over—a long, tiresome process sometimes.

Right now the weather is twenty-eight below zero. The snow is not very deep, but what snow there is gets blown by violent winds that form immense drifts. The drifts collect on the leeward side of buildings. Quite often my little house gets snowed under on the south side while it is almost free of snow on the north side. Since the door is on the south, this complicates the comings-in and the goings-out nearly all winter, but especially in March and April.

July 4—The S.S. *Sutherland* arrives!

Our Fourth of July activities started off with a church service of a patriotic nature. The young people had charge. As a fitting windup, we were laboring valiantly with the high notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" when fellows sitting near the window overlooking Bering Sea became quite excited. Before the last notes of "the land of the free and the home of the brave" came to a merciful close, we knew that the big ship was coming.

Spirits were high—but so was the wind. Games and stunts went on as planned, because the sea was too rough for lightering. Only two of the ship's men came ashore, carrying nine bags of mail; but now they can't get back until the breakers tame down a bit. I got nineteen letters and a delayed Christmas gift.

July 8

The S. S. *Sutherland* is still anchored a half-mile offshore. Lightering was slowed by stiff winds and quite high seas, with breakers dashing up the pebbly beach too fast for easy maneuvering. I wore boots and tried to salvage stuff that got washed overboard during the lightering process.

The purser invited all four "whites" of Savoonga to dinner on board the *Sutherland*. Our dress-up clothes got sprayed with salty water going and coming, but we did not mind that in the least. The purser was amused when we all ordered pork chops. His own dinner order was for meat balls and macaroni. We see enough macaroni the year around, but never a pork chop! Although the ship at anchor did a lot of tottering, we enjoyed our dinner and a change of scene.

Back on land, I learned that there were five boxes of freight for the mission, three of which were from the Presbyterian church in Fairbanks. The nurse and schoolteacher helped me unpack the boxes, and we found everything highly acceptable—a nice record! Christmas next year will be jollier for this generous contribution.

I served dried apple pie and coffee, and tried to get the

coffee strong enough to suit my guests, who had helped to unpack the boxes.

October 12

Yesterday I decided that a back molar *must* come out! The nearest real dentist is in Nome, but there is no way of getting there this time of year. It is too late for a boat trip, and there is no landing field in Savoonga. Anyhow, the Eskimos are clever with ivory work! Albert is one of the ivory carvers. I learned that he takes great interest in watching dentists from the Coast Guard vessels, when they come here once a year on government work of that sort. So, I made a date with Albert.

By way of psychological preparation, Albert came over to my house last night to talk things over. He told me how Piyah's husband had broken her jaw trying to get a bad tooth out with hammer and chisel. Albert described in horrible detail how James' wife has a clipped lip that got in the way of pliers when a front tooth was pulled. Then he told how a school-teacher got the wrong tooth pulled, and how he "hollered plenty"! I asked Albert what was the big idea in telling me all these hair-raising things. He said, "I just let you know that I won't do any of those things to you."

Well, thank goodness, the tooth is out now, and Albert was true to his word. Due to complications, largely caused by the crumbling of old amalgam fillings, it took my "dentist" two hours and ten minutes to get all of that tooth out. The government nurse who serves both Gambell and Savoonga was present at this operation. She prepared the novocaine. Albert administered it in a thoroughgoing fashion while I gripped the arms of a real dental chair at the clinic. In order to save a crowned tooth, from which a gold bridge extended back to the bad molar, a lot of filing had to be done—with a file borrowed from the company store. Then he was able to have access to the aching tooth. There was not much tooth left above the gums, even before he started the real pulling. Of course, the amalgam-filled molar crumbled. In fact, it crumbled three different times before the fourth operation brought out the last portion of root.

It was a good thing that regular dental instruments were available, properly sterilized by a registered nurse. And if it had not been for that big dose of novocaine, I would have "yelled plenty" sure enough!

As it was all over, I noticed that Albert's new blue shirt was dripping wet with perspiration. The nurse had wiped his forehead, regular operation style, during the fracas. We three quietly shook hands all around when the ordeal was over, too fagged for words. Anyhow, the troublesome tooth is out, thanks to Albert and my nurse friend.

This leads me to write down my opinion of Eskimos in general, at least as far as this island group is concerned. Far from being stupid, the average Eskimo is blessed with a good mind. He can cope intelligently with a harsh environment. He knows better how to dress, and what to eat, and where to hunt than others who often consider themselves superior. I have learned to admire their happy outlook on a life that seems to offer so little. After a tragic group experience with liquor years ago, it was ruled off the Island entirely. Here's hoping the money-grabbing white man is never allowed to bring it back! And don't make any slurring remarks or inane "jokes" about Eskimos around me!

December 8, 1944

The mayor's wife nearly died a couple of days ago from complications after the birth of her baby. The nurse had the schoolteacher radio a message to Nome, by way of Gambell, for plasma. This roundabout way of radio communication took some time, but it really was not so long before help was promised. Flight surgeon Gregory flew over Savoonga in an army plane, from which was dropped, in a small silk parachute, the much needed plasma. That scene was very dramatic, I suppose, but I was too busy with the sick mother to see any of it. I recall the noise of the plane as it zoomed over the village; it sounded reassuring. People the world over are ready to help when women and babies are in trouble. The nurse was able to talk with the doctor in his plane by radio phone. With the plasma, her good counsel, and her trained skill to aid her, the nurse was instru-

mental in saving the mother's life. It took good nursing care for two days to put the mother on the road to recovery. An interesting thing to note is that the new baby is to be christened "Gregory," after the flight surgeon who came to the rescue!

A Story on a Stormy Day

The north wind snorted off Bering Sea and caterwauled over Savoonga, bringing chills that rippled along my spine. I sat with wool-socked feet perched on a slab of driftwood in the opened oven of the kitchen range. Here was a perfect setting for a far-fetched story, but I had read everything on hand. Then, without knocking, Immongon walked into my one-room house, accompanied by a draft of cold air. Immongon might have knocked before entering, but the racket made by the wind was all I heard. At any rate, he was welcome. When in a talkative mood, he was good company. While slipping my feet into some old fleece-lined shoes, I wondered how I could get Immongon to tell me a story.

"Smells good here!" commented my visitor, thereby giving me a proper hint. I knew what he meant; for the doughnuts made earlier in the day had left a telltale odor in the little all-purpose room. So I placed the coffee pot over the hottest part of the range and put a couple of doughnuts in the warming oven. Immongon, rubbing his hands in anticipation, made himself as comfortable as he could on a straight-backed chair. He would have preferred the floor.

When the coffee was hot, he slowly and carefully dunked his doughnuts. Here was a man in deep concentration. The dunking was a serious business that required a steady hand and much bending, for the cup of coffee had been placed on the floor between his mukluks.

"Tastes good," remarked Immongon politely. In an offhand manner, he added, "Norwegian from Coast Guard showed me how to eat these things."

That reminded me that he also liked loaf sugar through which to drink his coffee, so I found some and refilled his cup.

Then for a while we sat in silence. My visitor even took a brief catnap. He woke with an apologetic grin and a jerk that kept him from falling off the chair.

"Too hot here!" he said.

"You look it," I agreed, though still shivering myself. "Why don't you take off your parka and get more comfortable on the low stool and then tell me a story?" I suggested.

"Okay," said Immongon.

Emerging from his tussle with the close-fitting parka, his coarse gray hair in more of a Jerry Cruncher pompadour than ever, my Eskimo friend appeared clad in a dark wool shirt tucked into his sealskin pants. Now he was at ease, and the coffee had begun to take effect. I found a pencil and tablet, turned up the kerosene lamp, put more coal in the stove, and waited.

"Many stories I know. This one I tell you now came from my old, old great-grandmother-in-law from South East Cape. She told it to my grandmother, and my grandmother told it to me."

I still waited, pencil ready for taking notes. What I really needed was a sound recorder and a movie camera to preserve the whole effect. . . .

"Out in nowhere was a well-built igloo. It never grew old. Winds never tore it down. Rains never made it leak. Snows never buried this igloo. It always looked new. But no one ever went into this igloo; no one ever came out.

"Away from this igloo lived a man with five sons. The father was a good hunter. The boys were lazy. They never hunted. All they did was play and wrestle together.

"Every morning the father said to his sons, 'Don't go there!' He pointed at that igloo with one hand; he shook the other hand at his boys. 'Danger lies over there!' This he said every day before going to hunt.

"One day youngest son said, 'Why does our father always say that? Igloo looks nice. I better go see.' And he started off.

" 'Don't go there,' said oldest boy. 'Obey our father.'

" 'I will go. You are afraid. I am not afraid,' said youngest boy, and he ran off fast.

"But close to igloo, youngest boy went slow. Maybe he was afraid! He went left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Then he bent down and crawled in; but he never came out!

"The other boys were very scared. What would Father say?

"Next youngest boy said, 'I go to get our brother,' and he ran off fast. Close to that igloo, he went slower and slower and slower. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Then he bent down and went into that igloo; but he never came out.

"Three big boys were very scared. Then their father came home. Right off he said, 'What's the matter?' Nobody answered him. 'Where's the little boys?' He looked all around.

"Oldest son said, 'Those bad boys went to that igloo. They never came out.'

" 'You three big boys let them go there? You worthless sons! Now you get them back! You hear me?' he yelled at them.

"That father went into his own house. He moaned, 'Aah, aah, aah!'

"Oldest boy said, 'We need the magic feather the sorcerer gave me.' He went and found a cormorant feather where he had hid it. This magic feather would grant three wishes. One from the air. One from the ground. One from the sea. It could only be used by brave men, not by foolish boys.

"The third boy said, 'Give me the wish from the air!'

"Next oldest boy said, 'Give me the wish from the ground!'

(pause for effect)

"Oldest boy said, 'I will keep the wish from the sea myself!'

"Third boy wished to be unseen by anyone or thing in that igloo. He went into that igloo, with the feather for his help. He came back to his brothers. 'What did you see in there?' they asked.

" 'I saw an evil, barefoot man sitting on the floor near an idol. Before the idol was a burning seal-oil lamp. In the shadows was an old, old woman who looked like a witch. They did not see me.'

"Next oldest boy said, 'Give me that feather now!' He took the magic cormorant feather and wished to become a lemming that could go underground. Below the ground and under that igloo he went. He reached the place right under the evil one's feet, and he scratched one foot.

" 'My left foot itches!' complained that evil one in ugly voice. Then he scratched that foot with a big knife until that foot bled.

"After a bit, the boy like a lemming in the tunnel scratched the other foot of the evil one.

" 'Now my right foot itches!' the evil one howled. Then he scratched that right foot until it bled from the big sharp knife he had. 'Why do my feet itch? Can't you stop this bleeding?' he asked the old witch.

" 'No! You killed two boys without asking the idol first. The idol is mad at you,' she told him.

" 'Then I'll bleed to death,' he yelled at her. 'Someone is working magic on me!'

"That boy in the tunnel, like a lemming, came out and gave the magic feather to oldest boy. Oldest son had the last wish, any wish he could get from the sea. It was his turn to go to that igloo.

"Oldest boy went right into that igloo. He turned over the lamp and set the place on fire. In the light of the fire, he found his two dead brothers. He put one over each shoulder and ran down to the sea. He waded right out into the sea.

" 'Great Man of the Sea,' he said, 'please give life to my little brothers!' The boys lived again.

(pause)

"The three big brothers took the two other boys to their father. That father was happy again. Those sons were different after that. They learned to hunt. They helped their father. They were no more lazy, good for nothing. They became good men."

(final pause)

Immongon ended his story with a long sigh. In the telling, he had gradually worked his stool closer to my chair. Whenever he had paused for effect, he had told me it was time to say "Mmmnnn!" It was getting late, time for him to go. I wrapped up two extra doughnuts for him to take home. Bundled again in his fur parka, he went out into the blustery night. I had had my story.

SAINT LAWRENCE ISLAND FOLK TALES

When my neighbors in Savoonga learned that I was interested in their folk tales, they came by twos or threes to tell some of them to me. Occasionally, they would stop speaking in English, and confer in the Eskimo language in order to get the right word or to debate a delicate point. I got the idea that there were different versions of the same story, depending on whose grandmother or whose great-grandfather had handed it down. This one, pieced together and made into a smooth narrative, is called "Foam on the River."

Every morning in summer time, Olah played ball by herself. She had never played with other Eskimo children. Now she was old enough to have a lover, but there was no one to notice her graceful form and dancing feet, or to admire her skill with the ball.

Batting the ball on the instep of one foot, kicking it into the air, then batting it down again, Olah could keep up the game a long time without letting the ball touch the ground. But one day it got away from her. The ball kept turning over and over on its way down a rocky hillside to the dark river below. The girl ran swiftly after the ball. The slope was steep, and the ball rolled faster and faster. Would it hit the water and be carried away by the swift current? If that should happen, there would be nothing to help pass the long days and she would be more lonely than ever.

When the ball reached the river, it did not fall in. It bounced from one stone to another stone that formed a bridge to the other side. Then, like a live thing, it leaped high into

the air up the far bank and rolled on again. It went straight toward an old igloo that stood all by itself.

Not stopping to think of danger, Olah hopped and jumped from stone to stone across that dark river, just as the ball had done. Quickly she went up the steep bank, just in time to see the ball roll right through the open front door of that lonely igloo. She stopped short. What was she to do? The igloo looked deserted and forbidding. Olah wanted her ball very much, so she decided to go after it; but now she went slowly and quietly.

She stole over to the igloo and looked in through the doorway. At first she saw nothing. It was dark in there. Then she saw a man in dingy white clothing. Everything about him was a dull, cold white. His hair, his face, even his lips were white. His clammy hands were busy with a dirty net on the floor beside him. The young girl was frightened; but the man paid no attention to her.

"Maybe he is old and deaf," she thought.

In a clear strong voice, she demanded, "Give me my ball!"

The man did not answer, but he straightened his back with a groan as though it hurt him to stand upright.

"Please give me my ball!" she said more politely.

Still he did not speak. He just turned his head very slowly and looked at her with sad, dull eyes. They stared at each other. They kept on looking at each other very straight and soberly. A change took place. The room changed. It was not so cold and damp now; it began to look inviting. The man changed. He looked younger, and his eyes lost their dullness. The net changed. It gleamed with a frosty whiteness. The whole place shone and sparkled. Olah forgot her ball.

She said, "Come out into the sunlight with me."

Dragging the net with him, he followed the young girl out into the sunshine and down to the river. Around the stepping-stones the river flowed in a black, swift current that threatened destruction, but Olah did not stop. She said, "Follow me!" and darted quickly across from one rock to another.

The man gathered his gleaming net in his arms and started across the river. This was the same dark river that had put an

evil charm on the young man years before and had made him weave nets in loneliness, while age took possession, until the charm could be broken by youth. The river was jealous. The young man laughed at his old enemy. But the river was strong.

Alas! When Olah turned to look for her new friend and lover, he was not in sight. She tried to go into the water to find him, but she could not move. She tried to call him, but she could not speak. Motionless as the rocks around her, she stood knee-deep in the river, spellbound by the sight of the water. No longer was it dark and forbidding. All over the surface of the stream, glistening strands of white foam made a beautiful network. The rushing waters sang a song. Her lover was gone; but the beauty of his sparkling youth and silvery laughter would be hers forever.

Among the boulders on that river bank stands a slender shaft of rock that looks like a young girl. She stands with head bent toward the river. The river is no longer dark and forbidding. Its surface is covered with shining, lacelike foam, the handiwork of Olah's lover.

Here is another tale, "The Killer Whale and the Baby."

In the home of a certain devil who lived in the far North, there were so many children that the devil could not count them. Each child was allowed to do just what he liked, because the devil wanted them all to be happy. But the devil's wife was not happy. She thought there were too many crying, quarreling children under foot. That is why she hid the last one in a snowbank when it was only six months old. She did not even like the looks of that last baby and she hated to hear it cry. It cried all the time. It looked just like its father.

But the devil had taken a fancy to his last-born child. He thought it would be more like him when it grew up than any of the others. So, when it disappeared, he suspected what his wife had done. He searched carefully for the missing baby.

While searching for the baby, the devil came to the ice home of Killer Whale. He knew that Killer Whale could take the form of woman whenever she chose, and become a whale

again just as easily. Once he thought he had seen her standing on a snowdrift in the light of the moon. Looking at that queerly shaped house of ice, the devil thought: "What if Killer Whale found my baby?"

He went over to Killer Whale's house. He peered through a crevice in the ice. It was too dark to see anything. Then he listened with his good-hearing ear to the crack. (He had always kept one ear closed to his wife's scolding, so he was deaf in that other ear.) When he listened, he heard a cry that sounded familiar. He thought he heard a woman's voice.

"Ho! Killer Whale woman, give me my baby!" he cried.

"I found this baby. It's mine now," Killer Whale called back.

"I tell you it's mine! Give it to me at once, or else I'll make trouble for you!" the devil threatened and stormed.

"Hush up and go away! I told you this is my baby now. I found it!" Killer Whale was not afraid of the devil, because she was sort of related to him from way back.

The devil had a powerful cousin, North Wind. Straightway, he called upon North Wind to come and blow down the house of ice where Killer Whale lived. But North Wind never did anything without a lot of coaxing and bribing.

While the devil and his cousin North Wind were bickering together, Killer Whale got water from deep down under the shore ice. She took it outside on the roof of her house, which was made of rough cakes of ice. She poured water all over the roof, where it froze immediately. Quickly, every crevice was smoothed over. When the whole house had been smoothed slick, Killer Whale went back inside. North Wind finally condescended to wreck that house, but it was too late then. All he could do was to glide over Killer Whale's house and howl his disgust at losing his bribe.

The devil then remembered his second cousin, Eagle. He called on Eagle for help. Eagle needed a lot of coaxing before he agreed to help. In the meantime, Killer Whale altered the roof of her house to form a sharp peak. Later, when Eagle came with a great rock in his claws and dropped in on that house, the rock broke all to pieces on the sharp peak.

The devil went home. He wouldn't do anything. He wouldn't

say anything. He wouldn't even grumble. His wife worried.

"What do you think about all the time?" she asked him one day.

"I think about the baby boy who looks just like me. No one will help me get him back," the devil said sadly.

The wife was sorry now that she had done such a bad thing as to abandon her baby in a snowbank. She thought for a long time, and then she said, "Have you asked The-Great-One to help you?"

"Why should He help me? I'm no relation of His! My cousins North Wind and Eagle only half-tried to help. Besides, I don't know The-Great-One at all well," confessed the devil.

After hesitating for a long time, the devil decided not to close his good ear to his wife's suggestion. He was ashamed to ask a favor of The-Great-One. So, he persuaded his wife to do the asking! She was to blame in the first place, anyway.

The-Great-One made Killer Whale return the baby to its mother. The-Great-One also made Killer Whale promise never to take the form of woman again. Then Killer Whale was given a baby whale of her very own. She loved her baby so much that she always let it have its own way. That is why, even to this day, all Killer Whales have tantrums. They act just like the devil's children . . . and even worse. Nothing, neither man, nor winds, nor eagles, nor devils will have anything to do with Killer Whales.

So (to return to the main story), the devil got his baby back; and the mother said it looked more like his father than ever!

This one is called, "Long-Time-Ago Story."

A hunter in the far North had two wives. He did not love his first wife any more, though Piyah had given him two sons and was a good worker. His second wife never did any work unless she felt like it, but she was young, and Kayoonga, the hunter, liked her better. At least, Piyah *thought* he did, and that made her jealous and unhappy.

One morning before daylight, Piyah went out to her meat cellar dug in the face of a cliff overlooking the Northern Sea. Close to the entrance of the cellar, she sat with bowed head, and there she cried until dawn. The more she cried, the worse she felt.

"What are you doing here so early in the day?" a stranger's voice asked, without any warning of his presence.

Startled, she peered between her fingers. A tall figure, dressed in the whitest mukluks and parka she had ever imagined, stood beside her. "Why do you cry?" The voice was kind.

Unafraid now, Piyah wiped her swollen eyes and replied, "My husband, Kayoonga the hunter, does not love me any more. He cares only for his new wife, the young woman who never works."

"Cheer up!" the tall man in white said. "We will work some magic that will make a difference. Do what I say. Put your arm down in this meat pit. Reach way down, and then turn your arm out toward the sea."

Piyah reached way down into the pit. She turned her arm toward the sea. A strange thing happened. Her arm grew longer and longer and longer. It grew so very long that Piyah could reach way out to sea under the shore ice. Her fingers came out of the water beyond the outer edge of the field of shore ice.

"Keep your fingers out of sight. Use them wisely and they will help you." The tall figure in white mukluks and white parka disappeared.

Piyah sat in the entrance of her meat pit until she saw her husband walking out on the shore ice with his favorite harpoon and rawhide line. She waited until he was far out, where he liked to hunt. Then she put her arm down inside the meat pit. She turned it out toward the sea and reached farther and farther. Her arm became longer and longer until her hand was beneath Kayoonga's feet. She scratched on the under surface of the ice with that far-out hand. She scratched again and again.

Kayoonga heard the sound. He made a hole in the ice. He saw movement down in the water. He thrust his harpoon down with all his strength. Quickly, Piyah grabbed that harpoon and

pulled it with all the power of her mighty arm. Kayoonga had to let go of his good line, or else be pulled under himself. He had to return home without his trusty old harpoon and the line he prized so much.

Piyah was waiting for him. "Where is your line and harpoon?" she asked, knowing full well where she had hidden it herself.

"A big creature stole it from me. I could not hold it. It must have been a sea monster," he said.

The next day, Kayoonga wanted to hunt, but he had no line or harpoon. He sent his second wife, the young Yaghoo, out to borrow a harpoon. This young wife liked to step around the village, so she went and stayed a long time. Finally, she came back, but she had neither line nor harpoon. She had forgotten what she had been sent to get! Kayoonga didn't scold her. He just turned to Piyah and said, very cross, "You get me line and harpoon!"

Smiling to herself, and thanking the tall, kind man in white mukluks and white parka, she went straight to the hiding place and brought back her husband's very own harpoon and good strong line. She dropped them at Kayoonga's feet and turned her face away, so that he could not see her smile.

Kayoonga picked up his very own harpoon and good line and looked at them, saying, "Ummmmnnn!" very thoughtfully. He wanted to ask questions. But the more he thought about it all, the more certain he became that he had better not ask any question. He just took his favorite harpoon and line, and went out hunting again, and left his two wives alone in the house.

As soon as he was gone, Piyah said to Yaghoo, "From now on, you do the heavy work around here; I shall do the easy errands!"

Piyah became the favorite wife again. She was the manager of that household. Yaghoo had to learn to become useful. Kayoonga never did find out about the magic arm, but sometimes when he sat by the seal-oil lamp, warming his hands after a

hunt out on the ice, Piyah would see him shake his head in a puzzled way and hear him say: "Ummmmnnn!"

And here is "Lokon's Story."

Many great hunters lived on that island in the Northern Sea in the early days, and the greatest of all was Lokon. Even when game was scarce, Lokon's meat cellar was full. Then the awful winter of famine came. There was food for nobody. However, Lokon kept on hunting, no matter how cold the weather, no matter how cruel the winds. For Lokon had a wife and three small sons whom he cared for tenderly.

During that winter of famine, the winds were cruel and cold. Lokon kept on hunting, for he was half-starved himself and his sons were hungry. His long search was rewarded when he found a mother cormorant and her small chickens.

"I must have these birds," he thought. "They are not much good for food, but there is nothing else." Then he noticed how the mother cormorant stood guard over her chickens. She was more anxious for their safety than for her own. "Mother cormorant is just like me," Lokon said to himself. "She is worried about her family. My sons at least have a warm home. I will build a shelter for these helpless young birds."

At first, the mother cormorant was more anxious than ever when she saw the hunter approaching with his stout knife. Lokon used the knife to trim blocks of hard-packed snow to form a shelter for the cormorant chicks. The cormorant stopped shrieking and began to wonder why this was happening. Were not all men her enemies? This man acted as a friend would act.

"Why do you help me and my little chicks?" she asked.

"Your chicks make me think of my three small sons at home," the hunter answered. "My babies are hungry, but they at least have a shelter from these fierce winds. I must find food for them; but I cannot, although I have looked everywhere."

"Follow me," the cormorant said. "I will fly over the one

place where fish and seal and walrus may be found in great numbers."

Lokon followed the huge back cormorant as it winged its way over the ice and circled overhead. Under that place where the cormorant circled, Lokon found enough game for his entire village. The famine was over. Other hunters came to hunt in that place. They all promised never to kill any cormorants or their young.

Spring came to that island in the Northern Sea. Lokon and other hunters went out in a large skin boat one windy day. The winds got worse and they could not get back to land; in fact, the boat kept going out to sea farther from land no matter how hard the hunters paddled. The waves got so high and dangerous that Lokon told the other hunters to lie flat in the boat to keep it from tipping over. He stood guard.

Suddenly the sound of rushing wings was heard above the noise of the storm, frightening the men more than ever. Lokon, however, recognized his friend the cormorant. Lokon watched the cormorant wedge its body into the prow of the boat, while its powerful wings kept beating straight into the wind. The men all grabbed their paddles and worked together until the island shores were gained in safety.

This is Lokon's favorite story.

This tale is called "Hard to Swallow."

A little orphan boy lived with his grandmother in an eight-sided house that had a walrus-skin roof and one very small door. They were hungry. Orphan Boy became quite thin and skinny. He decided to go hunting even though he did not have anything that a hunter needs for hunting. He said good-by to his grandmother and went down to the beach.

Orphan Boy walked along that beach, and pretty soon he saw a baby seal. Do you know what he did? He swallowed it in one gulp!

Orphan Boy walked along the beach again, and then he found a mother seal. Do you know what he did? He swallowed it in one big gulp!

Orphan Boy hunted some more, and soon he found old Mr. Walrus. Do you know what he did then? Why, of course, he swallowed it in one very big gulp!

Orphan Boy kept on hunting, and the next thing he found was a white whale that he called "Beluga." It was small, as whales go, but it looked big to Orphan Boy, because now he was quite full. Do you know what he did? It was hard to swallow, but he did swallow it in one very, very big gulp!

Now he was thirsty. He came to a fresh-water lake that had a little skin boat floating on it. He waded right out into that lake and drank and drank and drank until he had drunk all that lake up, *including* the little boat, and lots of fish.

Then he had enough, so he went home. When he got home, he couldn't get through the small door. He called out to his grandmother: "Grandmother, how can I get in the house?"

"Come in through the door!" she called back from inside the house.

"I can't get through the door!" Orphan Boy called out.

Grandmother remembered that there was a small hole in the door, so she called out, just in fun, "If you can't come through the door, then come through the hole in the door!"

That struck Orphan Boy funny, and he began to laugh very loud. Grandmother heard him laugh, so she opened the door at last—and guess what she saw! It was an astonishing sight!

Orphan Boy was laughing hard. He laughed so hard that he began to *unswallow* things. He *unswallowed* them this way:

First came the lake and the little skin boat.

Next came "Beluga" (who looked very mad).

Next came old Mr. Walrus (who looked mad too!).

Next came Mother Seal (who was glad to get out).

Next came Baby Seal (who was happy to be outside with its mother).

What do you think of THAT?

Grandmother really was astonished. Now they had everything that Eskimos like to eat, but Orphan Boy wanted to keep them all for pets. Do you know what he did? He went fishing in his little boat, and he and his grandmother had fish for supper—fish that he caught out of that lake brought home on his first hunting trip.

What do you think of THAT?

A TRUE STORY FROM SAINT LAWRENCE ISLAND

About the worst kind of weather for trappers in northern Alaska, either above or below the Arctic Circle, is a thaw in mid-winter accompanied by sleet and wind. One such day, an Eskimo friend came to my home just to say hello, as he stated upon entering.

"How did you happen to get the idea of calling on a day like this?" I asked. "It seems to me anyone would want to stay home and keep warm and dry when there is slush underfoot and sleet coming down, along with wind, to make needles of ice."

"Well," said Smith, "all at once I wanted to tell you about the time my joints had no teeth. This bad weather made me want to tell you."

"That is a good idea," I agreed. "Take off your parka while I stoke the fire and find a tablet and pencil."

Although it was early in the afternoon, it was getting dark, so I also lighted a gasoline lantern and put it on a hook hanging from the ceiling. Smith told me this short, true-to-life story that *I* might have called: "A Lesson in First Aid," but the title *he* gave it is: "Joints Had no Teeth."

"I was out on my trap-line one winter day, when the weather began to turn warm. Even with the wind blowing hard from the south, there was much fog. Before I got to the end of my trap-line, I knew it would be tough going to get back home. I decided to take a shortcut to the village. There was too much ice on the traps, anyway, and no foxes were likely to get caught. Walking was bad. Sometimes my feet would stay on top of the snow, then again they would sink down in slush. Then it would

sleet, as it is doing today, and I could not see. Then it got dark, and I wished that I had not taken the shortcut. Everything looked different. I stopped and camped by a cliff that gave some shelter from the wind.

"Next morning was not cold, but the fog was thick. Walking was bad. Then it got worse, as the snow kept melting. That noon I ate the last of my dried meat. By night I was lost. I sure wished I had stayed on the old trail! Again I slept out in the shelter of some rocks.

"The next day was just like the day before, only it began to get cold again.

"The next day was just the same, only colder. My parka froze. I could hardly bend my knees. I could hardly bend my arms. My joints had no teeth. By night time, the fog lifted and I knew where I was, not too far from home. I did not dare lie down to sleep, so I just shuffled along. Anyhow, I did get home. My old grandmother had been waiting for me. It was a good thing, because I could not open the door. I could not step up and over the board we call the 'draft board,' because I was too stiff. My joints would not bend; they had no teeth.

"I tell you now what my folks did for me. They carried me into the house like a drift log. They broke my parka to get me out. The broken parts stood up like chunks of wood. They had to cut my reindeer-skin pants off. My mukluks were hard to get off, too. It seemed too hot in that house. My lungs hurt. My stomach hurt. My intestines hurt. Everything hurt, because I was frozen stiff.

"White man wants to rub snow on frozen skin. That's bad! My folks knew what to do. Eight of my folks got together and warmed their hands at seal-oil lamp. Then they just put their hands on my naked body while I lay on the floor on a blanket. They did not rub; not at first. They just warmed their hands and kept putting them on me. After a while, they rubbed me a little bit, very gently.

"Soon, when I could move my lips, they gave me some cold tea. Then they gave me some warm tea. Then, again, they gave

me more tea until I could take it hot. Then my body began to get red, and I began to shake all over. I shook as if I had the shivers for two days, but I felt hot. I was pretty sick man. Now, when it gets icy with sleet, I still have to remember the time when my joints had no teeth, because I get what you call chilblains!"

YUKON RIVER TRIP

The year before I went to Saint Lawrence Island, I had a two-month vacation in midsummer. The first month was full of new interests and new experiences while visiting a friend at Bethel on the lower Kuskokwim River. I was there on the Fourth of July, 1940, and saw the whole town turn out in holiday spirit to take part in the festivities. A side trip in a river boat was taken up river to Nunapinsinghok to see the Moravian Mission. That was such an enjoyable experience that I kept raving about it for days after getting back to Bethel.

"If you enjoy river travel so much, why don't you plan to get back to Sitka by way of the Yukon River and out by way of Skagway?" This question was put to me at a vulnerable moment, although it sounded like too much of an undertaking. "It would not cost much more than an airplane trip for the same distance," my friends insisted. Inquiry proved that their argument held good. I decided to go.

The first thing to do was to get to Marshall on the lower Yukon in time to catch the sternwheeler traveling upstream. That part of the journey was interesting in itself. Bulldozers were at work on the landing field in Marshall, so the one-seater plane landed on a sand bar in the river after circling the village to announce its coming. It took longer to get from that river bar than it had taken to fly from Bethel.

When an outboard motorboat came for me at last, I asked even before getting inside when the next steamer would be going upstream. Then I was told that it had left a couple of days before, and it would be nearly two weeks before another came. My carefully figured expense account did not include

expenses at some Alaskan roadhouse. These far-off places could ask almost any price for room and board, especially when there was no competition. But there I was, and the plane was going on to Kotzebue, which was nearly a thousand miles directly north. There was nothing to do but to make the best of it.

I was pleasantly surprised to find that the woman who ran the roadhouse had formerly lived in Seward. She and her husband knew several friends of mine. We had common interests and got along on good terms. Then my luck was favored by the misfortune of my new friend, who became seriously ill with influenza. I tried my best to get meals and to play nurse at the same time. All my patient wanted was to be let alone; so that part of it was easy. The meals were more of a problem, because the kitchen range was a wood-burner that had an unholy knack of burning out the last glimmer of flame about the time I had something ready for the oven. I hope I never meet up with the traveling salesman who had to eat my concoctions! However, there were no loud complaints, and when that sternwheeler finally came, my new friends wanted to pay *me*, instead of the other way around. We called it an even draw!

It was July 31, 1940, when my memorable trip up the Yukon River began. The old sternwheeler *Nenana* (ne-ná-na) had a lot of freight for Marshall, and was still unloading at dinner time. That gave everyone in town a chance to have dinner aboard ship. By "everyone," I refer to the white population, which may have numbered eight or ten at the most. That first meal was an excellent sample of good food well cooked and nicely served during the entire trip upstream. Even after a late dinner, the sky in that latitude was light enough for me to get satisfactory pictures as the *Nenana* pulled out of Marshall. I got views of the roadhouse up on the bluff, and of cords of wood and dogs staked out along the shores of the river, and also of a big fish-wheel that caught fish automatically while the current of the river turned the paddles of the wheel.

Notes taken on that trip state that the *Nenana* was 150 feet long. It pushed a barge 150 feet long. The barge was loaded with 600 tons of freight, mostly machinery. Ocean-going freight-

ers can deposit freight at Marshall after being towed up the Yukon to that point. That accounted for all that freight. In addition to machinery, there was fuel oil, two caterpillars, and foodstuff. While traveling upstream, every hour this stern-wheeler consumed three-fourths of a cord of wood.

One of the most interesting sights along the way was the crew loading three-foot-length wood chunks on board. The wood is taken from huge piles carefully stacked at regular intervals along the course. A single wide plank served as a runway for wheelbarrows to tote the wood, wherever possible. Once in a while, the plank would tip, and it took skill to keep the whole load from toppling into the river.

At special places along the course, usually near a settlement, fish-wheels were seen. Unwary fish that chance to swim between two anchored logs get caught in a device that boosts them up to a bin as the current turns a huge revolving wheel. The owner can claim the fish at his convenience. There were three such wheels at Pimiut, some distance below Holy Cross.

Holy Cross was reached late in the evening of the second day. Heavy clouds to the northwest helped to make a very special sunset, but the same clouds made it impossible to get good pictures of this beauty spot on the Yukon. Although it was late, folks were astir to see the ship come to dock. Even some children were up for the occasion. I went ashore and was amazed at the extent of the well-kept gardens. Sweet-smelling haycocks marked a hay field that had just been harvested. Handsome sled dogs managed somehow not to make the ruction one might expect from them.

The chief attraction at Holy Cross was the small, nicely appointed chapel. It was a beautiful place to worship. A young native woman who had got on board the *Nenana* at Kako Landing was to be married in this chapel the next day, as this Mission was the place where she had received her education as a girl. Hundreds of young Alaskans owe their education and religious training to this "garden spot of the Yukon."

A new passenger was with us as we resumed the journey upstream after midnight. A Catholic Sister who had worked at the

Mission for six years now made company for me, and we were the only women on board. The Father Superior, who accompanied her to the steamer, seemed relieved when he saw another woman on board. He politely asked me to take an interest in the welfare of the Sister, as she was leaving for medical care and seemed to have a bad case of bronchitis.

This new traveling companion proved to be a delightful person. I took some notes on data she gave me concerning the Holy Cross Mission.

Eighty tons of potatoes are grown there every year. They also grow about 5,000 cabbages. The Sisters and children together pick from ten to twelve barrels of blueberries every season. They can also get from ten to twelve large buckets of low-bush cranberries in one day of picking. In midwinter, sometimes it got so cold even in the kitchen that the kitchen workers had to wear parkas. The windows got so heavily coated with frost that a hot flatiron was held repeatedly on a spot before even a small section of the window glass could be cleared enough to see through it. Their kennels held thirteen well-trained, well-fed dogs.

I wished that the many hundreds of scrawny dogs staked out all along the Yukon's banks could have been half as well fed and watered. Those miserable sled dogs were better cared for in winter, I was told. In the summer, they got just enough attention to keep them alive until they were needed again.

A never-failing source of interest was to watch the two men stationed at the front of the barge being pushed ahead of us. They called out the depth of the water. When the river bed became dangerously shallow, a third man stood between the two who kept on measuring with their long poles. Then the third man did the calling of the depth, pointing with his arms, right or left as he announced: "That's four! . . . That's half-four! . . . That's three! . . . That's two!"

Then the engine would be set in reverse, and a new channel would be sought. The same lack of rain that had made the neighboring land remarkably free of mosquitoes also made for low water. The channel changed its course so frequently that it

did not pay to mark it with buoys. It even changed during a down-river trip and the immediate return trip of the same sternwheeler. Sometimes, as at Squaw Flats, it took an hour or more to find a proper channel, after many tootings of the whistle, yells from the depth finders, and orders from the pilot through his speaking tube to the engineer.

The course of the sternwheeler *Nenana* is in and out of a city of that same name, the home port, so to speak. Consequently we left the Yukon River at Tanana (tan'-a-naw) and headed up the Nenana River to Nenana, a town on the Alaska Railroad a few miles below Fairbanks. This portion of the trip is repeated for travelers taking the full Yukon River trip, but it is taken on a different and smaller steamer. On the lower Yukon, there were no trees, just open tundra. The lower stretches of the river were muddy with river silt. Soon the waters became clear, and a variety of trees grew along the banks. The current became swifter and progress slower.

We arrived in Nenana on August 6, with time enough to see the town and to visit the Episcopal Mission east of the railroad track. There again I saw beautiful gardens and got a peep at teen-age girls, and younger ones too, helping the staff do a big job of canning vegetables. On the campus was a beautiful chapel. This time I was able to get a picture within the chapel showing a stained-glass window beautifully lighted by sunlight.

There at Nenana I said good-by to the Sister who had been a very pleasant traveling companion since Holy Cross. She was on her way to Juneau by way of the Alaska Railroad to Seward, and then down the rest of the way by steamer. I was transferred from the *Nenana* to another sternwheeler named the *Yukon*.

This second boat was to take passengers and freight as far north as Fort Yukon, up on the Arctic Circle where the Porcupine River empties into the Yukon River, then on to Dawson and the Klondike. I was assigned to Room 125 on the texas deck, and was in hopes that I would not have to share it with anybody. However, I did get a roommate, another unmarried woman of about my age. She, too, was traveling alone and was a little nervous about having an unknown cabin mate. As it

turned out, later, we discovered that we actually enjoyed each other's company.

This second ship, the *Yukon*, had been built back in 1914 and had seen active service on the Mississippi River. It had a lot of gingerbread trimmings, but no running water, in the cabins. The *Yukon* left the town of Nenana on August 7, soon after a horde of tourists was transferred from the train. The first part of the trip was downstream until we reached Tanana, where the course was resumed up the Yukon River. That same evening, we got to Rampart, where we saw the deserted cabin that had once belonged to Rex Beach. One of the tourists said that he once had been in the Rex Beach residence in New York State, and that the contrast was fantastic. Although a drizzling rain set in as we left Rampart, I got a fairly good picture of this cabin, which is now considered quite a landmark.

It rained the next day, just enough to encourage passengers to stay inside a bit and to get better acquainted. My notes have this rather surprising entry: "More Phi Beta Kappa keys are in evidence on board ship than one would expect to see outside of a college reunion!"

During the week that followed, we were privileged to attend lectures or travelogs covering widely separated areas of the globe. Church services were held three times on Sunday, with a distinguished preacher for every session. As my roommate expressed it, "This boat is lousy with Presbyterians and Methodists."

We arrived at a one-cabin stop called Purgatory, where two old-timers lived. These men had rigged up a couple of dummies decked out in red garb and given horned heads. These dummies held pitchforks that waggled recklessly whenever pulleys were manipulated, none too secretly. Little gnomes would pop out of the ground, Jack-in-the-box style, whenever a pedal was stepped on by one of the inventors. We were encouraged to visit the cabin where these old sourdoughs lived, and we wondered how they could get such a bang out of life in such a location. A coin box set in a conspicuous place hinted that there was some method to their existence after all.

At Beaver, just under the Arctic Circle, the sunset was so lovely that practically everyone sat on deck quietly just to admire it. The sun seemed to roll out of sight on a gentle incline, only to reappear in the same dramatic fashion a few seconds later. The next morning, about nine o'clock, we noticed a white circular signboard with the inscription "ARCTIC CIRCLE" in black lettering. I managed to get a clear picture of that sign, showing a lady from Florida also taking a picture of it.

By the simple act of crossing the Arctic Circle, everyone on board ship automatically became a life member of the Order of the Midnight Sun. We were given certificates by the White Pass Yukon Route to prove that we had actually got that far north. However, it was only fourteen hours later that our ship crossed that imaginary line again, and we were at Fort Yukon. Although it was then late in the evening, we visited the Episcopal Mission, and the hospital, which had twenty-seven beds. Since then, I've been told, the hospital has been discontinued. It served a great need in the days before airplanes and helicopters were available to take the seriously ill to other hospitals not so expensive to maintain. The women tourists were greatly impressed by the intricate needlework done at the Mission. A lovely altarpiece had been worked by five of the most talented of their needle artists. I was interested in the work list posted on the bulletin board, for it was so similar to work lists posted at the Mission in Seward. Everyone had a job, and there was plenty of work to be done.

Sunday, August 11, we reached the village of Circle, which had been named by a settler named McQuesten who believed that the place was directly on the Arctic Circle. It is actually about thirty miles south of it. I was introduced to a missionary who had just held a religious meeting in one of the log buildings. I certainly had no way of knowing then that this gentleman and I would meet each other on a Coast Guard vessel in Bering Sea a few years later, on the way to Saint Lawrence Island.

Tuesday of that week, we passed Calico Bluff, a name used to describe the variously colored strata of soil and rock along

the banks of the river. Each stratum seemed to have a different color, and the layers were broken and tipped at diversified angles. How they ever got that way was the big question for many on board our ship.

Outcrops of rocks placed right in the river bed broke the channel into five parts more or less parallel to each other. The current of the Yukon was swift at this point, known as Five Fingers. By some process (that I did not understand at all), a cable, permanently fixed in the north bank, was hooked on and used literally to pull the old sternwheeler upstream through a narrow passageway where many a boat had met its doom in years gone by. This part of the river was fascinating; nevertheless, I, for one, breathed a little easier when it was safely passed.

Dawson, in Yukon Territory, was one of the most interesting places of the whole trip. The tourists were eager to see the Robert Service cabin. Written on the walls of the cabin were many slogans, some of which I copied:

Don't worry! Work!

Difficulties are only strength tests. Down them!

Rebuffs are only rungs in the ladder of success!

Another place of particular interest to me was the hospital. It was built on a high bluff a short distance from town. Again I jotted down some facts told to the three of us who followed the Mother Superior on a tour of the building. It had been built in 1906. Between 350 and 400 cords of wood were burned each year to supply kitchen needs and heat. Five dollars freight rate was charged on every sack of potatoes purchased. Thirty-two maternity cases had been booked for future delivery. Sixty chickens, two cows and one horse helped to keep down costs in one way or another. I noticed that the kitchen was supplied with a General Electric refrigerator.

While other tourists were leaving, I lingered in the reception room, where I had noticed an interesting title on a book written in French, *En Alaska, Deux mois sous la tente*, by P. Joseph-Alphone Desjardins, S.J. This book was hard to put

down. I was wondering how I could get a copy when the Sister who had guided us about the premises said that I could have the book if I wanted it. It is now one of my choice possessions, prized not only as a memento of this part of the trip but as a source of information concerning early days on the Yukon.

Three of us single women, traveling on faith in Providence, found that when we arrived in Dawson for a two-night stay that all accommodations had been reserved in what appeared to be the only hotel. We naturally got together to discuss our predicament. A decision was made to walk about town and look for signs of rooms to rent. The only sign we found was on a very old building that looked more like a saloon than anything else. Opening the door rather timidly, we hesitated at the sight of shelves of bottled stuff and an old man who looked as though he had tasted his wares too often. He told us, rather gruffly, to come on in, as nothing was going to hurt us. Inquiry revealed that we could get a large clean room with three beds in it for seventy-five cents per day, per person. There was no choice, so we took the room. Later, we had some satisfaction in learning that "the" hotel charged three dollars per day!

However, we three dodged our fellow passengers, some of whom were quite inquisitive concerning our whereabouts for the past two days. In northern latitudes, the doors of buildings have a persistent tendency to sag or lean. These doors have to be planed off the top for one season; then off the bottom for the next, or trimmed along the side. The door of our bedroom had gone through so many such treatments that it would not even close. The latch did not come within two inches of the casing. This was discovered at bedtime! We solved this problem by dragging a clumsy chest of drawers in front of the doorway after the last trip down the hall to the so-called "sanitary" toilet. The sheets were clean. The building was quiet. In fact, we rather enjoyed the whole setup.

The second day in Dawson, we noticed that a foundation was being laid for a new building. A crew of men had dug down to the ice that lay just a few feet below the surface even in the middle of August. A thick layer of sawdust had been

spread over the ice to keep it from melting. Huge planks were being laid on the sawdust. An old-type thawing device, formerly used by miners, was in use for melting holes in the underlying ice at points where pillars were needed for support. All this preliminary work was done in the fond hope that future doors and windows would not sag—too much!

We rambled all over town asking questions of old-timers who remembered occasions when the Yukon had overflowed its banks to terrifying heights. On a corner post of a building near the river, recorded depths were marked off in feet considerably higher than a tall man could reach. We saw where an entire Indian village had been buried sixty years previously.

Luxuriant gardens were observed back of nearly every home. Cabbages larger than any I had ever seen at county fairs Outside caught my attention. We three old maids were oh-ing and ah-ing over those cabbages when an elderly lady come up to the other side of the rail fence. In broad Scotch accents she introduced herself as Mrs. McCuish, so we introduced ourselves to her. She sensed that our interest in her garden was genuine, and invited us inside the fenced area to inspect it at closer range. Her hospitality extended to an invitation to lunch for what she called a "real Yukon dinner." How we did enjoy her well-cooked fresh vegetables and spicy conversation! She seemed to like an appreciative audience, so we plied her with questions. The yarns she told sounded fantastic, but I presume they were true. Floods, winter storms of blizzard proportions, attacks by wild animals, accidents of one kind or another—all these she had experienced. We enjoyed every minute of her account, which was illustrated by photographs of her children's children when she got around to telling how difficult it had been to bring up a large family away from hospitals and doctors in the pioneer days.

That afternoon we went down to the wharf to ask what time the up-river boat was expected. We learned that it would be sometime the next morning. The rest of the day was ours. Quite a large group of fellow tourists were taking a trip to the other side of the Yukon River just to experience the sensation offered

by the barge itself. The barge, they said, was pushed by the current of the river, and no other power was used whatever.

How the barge could go west, pushed by a current headed south, sounded interesting. Still more intriguing was how the same setup could get the same barge back to the side it had started from in the first place.

The day was nice, the crowd jolly, and though there was nothing so remarkable about the trip after all, we had a good time. An overhead cable kept the barge at an angle that utilized the power of the river to full advantage. On the far side of the river were some sled dogs that merited attention. They were "huskies" of distinction, very different from the scrawny dogs noted on the lower Yukon. These powerful dogs had been well fed and cared for by an owner who cherished them as individuals. Of course, every tourist with a camera took pictures of this string of dogs.

Good weather still favored the camera devotees as the *Casca* pulled out of Dawson the next morning. After so much hiking about, it was good to lie on a bunk, with the stateroom door hooked back, and just watch the scenery glide past. The farther upstream the course went, the swifter the current became and the slower the speed. Anyone interested in speed should not take this river trip!

August 18 was a memorable day. A place in the course of the river was reached where a long U-loop was about to begin. Here all passengers were encouraged to get out and walk! A short cut across a narrow strip of land could be easily walked by the slowest old gentleman in the group while the steamer plodded several miles on its longest meander. My two boon companions and I made the walk in about an hour, without hurrying; some of the others took over two hours. We, who got to the end of the trail first, had time to take off shoes and stockings and then dangle our feet in the cold waters of the ice-fed Yukon. We sat on a raft and dunked our toes in and out until they were able to take it. The raft did not seem very well moored, but we knew that if it broke loose the *Casca* would rescue us, for we could see the smoke belching from its stacks down river a few miles. Before the sternwheeler wheezed up, there was also

time for a sunbath on that same raft. Some of the men fished. We were all set for a good Sunday dinner by the time shipboard was reached again.

Whenever the ship stopped for wood, quite a lot of the men fished. Here the waters were swift and clear and fishing was fun. The river got narrower and the current swifter as time went by in a delightfully calm manner. Wooded mountains on either side added to the interest.

About six-thirty on the nineteenth, we entered Lake LaBerge. We were told that the first *Casca*, built in Victoria, had been wrecked on Lake LaBerge. That evening, our last on board the sternwheeler, the friendly, talkative passengers became quiet while they watched a wondrously beautiful sunset develop. Someone recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee." Other poems by Robert Service were read or recited. All too soon, we were across the lake and at our river journey's end—at White Horse. The trip down to Skagway was made by rail.

That narrow-gauge railway was rather harrowing. Miles of track were perched on scaffolding that appeared more or less like pipe-stems assembled in a casual fashion. One woman grabbed her husband around the neck and cried out, "Tell me, dear, are we going over *that*? Say no! Say no!" He said, "No!" But we did go over the rickety-looking roadbed on stilts that she had pointed out in panic. Dead-Horse Canyon traveled in this easy way would have seemed a sourdough's dream of heaven to the gold-rush men of Soapy Smith's day.

From Marshall, on the lower Yukon, to White Horse, I had traveled for twenty-three days on the Yukon River. I was told that mileage added up to nearly two thousand, counting of course all the windings and loopings and other vagaries of the river. Those two thousand miles of leisurely, delightful travel were enjoyed in the year 1940. Just a little over a year later, the United States and its territories were involved in World War II and tourist travel on the Yukon was canceled. Diesel engines are no doubt used today to replace the time-consuming, wood-burning furnaces of the old sternwheelers. At any rate, I hope that the White-Horse Yukon Steamship Company still offers this route into the heart of Alaska!

UP TO CIRCLE HOT SPRINGS

In 1947, a Seward friend suggested to me that we go together up to Circle Hot Springs, by way of the Richardson Highway in a bus, out of Valdez. No second suggestion was necessary, as the proposed trip would fit neatly into a two-week vacation.

To get to Valdez, we took the S.S. *Aleutian* there in Seward. Rounding the eastern bulge of Kenai Peninsula, the *Aleutian* headed north into Prince William Sound up to Columbia Glacier. Repeated blasts from the steamer's whistle encouraged icebergs to form while passengers tried to get pictures from on deck, even though it was raining a cold drizzle. Valdez is north and east of Whittier, the new port established during the war. By the time the *Aleutian* got to Valdez, the rain was pouring down. A friend insisted on taking us a few miles up the highway to see Bridal Falls, although the bus would be going over the same route the next day. So, with the windshield wipers working overtime, a big carload of passengers from the *Aleutian* was initiated to the Richardson Highway in a downpour of rain. We did not see much—just enough to know that the scenery was there, all right.

At dinner time that evening, the *Aleutian* was still in the port of Valdez. Our jolly friends, some of whom were going on to Seattle, insisted that we have dinner on board ship. After that, we were glad to find a room at a hotel recommended by friends.

By nine o'clock the next morning, the sun was shining and we were on our way to Fairbanks over the Richardson Highway, with perhaps a stopover or two along the way. The driver of

the O'Hara bus was the father of a young woman we knew in Seward. He was very considerate in stopping his bus any time we wanted to gaze a little longer at some view or to take pictures. A bride and groom were along, and even they became interested in the scenery as well as in each other.

The first stop was at Bridal Falls. Beautiful as they were, it was nevertheless difficult to get a satisfactory picture, because they were so high and the road ran so near to them. However, I had two cameras in operation; and in my excitement, I managed to leave one of them behind when the trip was resumed. A quarter of a mile up the highway, I realized that my favorite old camera was lost. I let out a yell heard over and above the racket of the bus. The driver put on the brakes, and I hot-footed it back to the ledge where the camera had been left. Decidedly out of wind, I was very glad to note that the driver had carefully backed the bus around many a turn to shorten my return to the vehicle. By actual count, thirteen stops were made between Valdez and Santa Claus Lodge. Points of interests included Tiekel, Tonsina Lodge (for lunch) and Copper Center. Mount Drum and Mount Sanford in the Wrangell Range made this part of the journey particularly interesting to all camera fans.

An excellent dinner served at Santa Claus Lodge that evening convinced us that it would be a good thing to stay there a couple of days. So we celebrated the Fourth of July there in a quiet style. Children with firecrackers, roman candles and devil-chasers livened things just enough to suit our fancy. A big signboard, planted in a clump of wild roses in full bloom, prompted us to pose beside it. Five months later, the pictures were used for Christmas-card scenes to prove that we had been to Santa Claus Lodge, as the signboard clearly stated. A glance at the view would prove beyond doubt that this was certainly not a land of perpetual ice.

The next day we went north to Fairbanks, a busy city with every hotel room filled. It was nice to be old-timers in Alaska, for we had friends there on the outskirts of Fairbanks. A phone call established the fact that they too were overflowing with

guests, but that we could have the use of their quonset hut next door. So we purchased food for breakfast the next day, had dinner at a good café, and took a taxi out toward College, where the quonset hut was located.

We shall always remember that overnight stay for the horde of mosquitoes in that hut. They were terrific! Even though my chum and I were zipped to our necks in sleeping bags, and had our heads stuffed into pillow cases, those varmints managed to pester us all night long. We had to come up for air once in a while—long enough to be stabbed on eyes, nose, lips and in the neck. The next morning we looked as though we had been on a night-long binge. One good thing came out of that initiation, for we loaded up with mosquito dope of various kinds to take along to Circle Hot Springs the next day.

Instead of riding in a regular bus, we resumed the trip north and east in a very comfortable car. The driver knew a favorite nurse friend of ours, so we were off on another good-relations start. Hydraulic mining operations, huge gold derricks, high mountains, and winding roads with steep gradients contributed to the interest of that trip. The most impressive scene of all came into view from the summit of the range we were crossing. There, on either side of the highway, were thousands of caribou grazing peacefully, undisturbed by our approach! The driver of the car said that we were lucky; for, if the caribou had the notion to cross the road in one direction or the other, we would just have to wait for them to pass—maybe for hours. He drove slowly and quietly along until the immense herd was behind us.

Circle Hot Springs is about sixty miles northeast of Fairbanks and thirty or forty miles south of the Arctic Circle. At that latitude, the very idea of hot springs is fascinating, especially after several days away from bathtubs. We wasted no time. A few minutes after arriving at the hotel my friend and I helped each other into rented bathing suits and then climbed down ladders into the housed swimming pool adjoining the hotel. What luxury! Neither of us was an expert swimmer. However, we did swim the length of the pool and back eight

or ten times and managed to get our long hair wet. What the mineral water of hot springs can do to the appearance of hair, we were to find out later.

Rheumatic folks there for treatment were supposed to flop out in one pool of hot water just deep enough to reach to the chin when the patient is in sitting position. Then, as each one gets accustomed to the heat to which he is exposed, he rolls over a cemented partition into a pool of still hotter water. Again he soaks his aching joints and muscles, until he thinks he can venture into the third pool, with water so hot that it stops short of cooking him alive. To get our money's worth, we both undertook to go through that series of parboilings the second day of our stay. I skipped the third installment.

Swimming in hot water is not particularly invigorating. It tends to make a person relax and feel sleepy; therefore, just before bedtime is recommended—at least by me! Yet it is surprising how appetites thrived there in Hot Springs Hotel. One menu I jotted down in my notes: cabbage salad, beets, greens, celery, braised potatoes, roast beef, brown gravy, hot rolls, apple pudding, and coffee. Nearly everything was home-grown. The gardens all around the lodge grew "stuff" that would take prizes at any county fair of any Middle Western state.

The only drawback on the whole trip was the horde of mosquitoes that thrived mightily in that region. We learned to do the Mosquito Waltz—one step forward, then a slide up that shank with the other foot on count two, then a slide down the same shank on count three. Repeat the one-two-three maneuver with the next step. Meanwhile, have a leafy switch in one hand and beat time with it, swishing about one shoulder, face, and other shoulder. Once you get the rhythm, a walk outdoors can be enjoyed. Outdoor swimming called for a lot of diving to get rid of the pests.

A side trip was taken one day up to Circle City. According to *The Klondike Fever*, by Pierre Berton, this "city" had a population of twelve hundred back in 1896. Lots sold for two thousand dollars apiece. Cabins were worth five hundred dollars then. It had two theaters and eight dance halls and twenty-

eight saloons. All that is hard to believe now. What had once been called the "Paris of Alaska" is now a ghost town. Abandoned, tumbledown shacks mark the place. Only one cabin seemed occupied. Only one river boat was tied up on the south side of the Yukon. Only one fish-wheel turned with the lazy current.

Some of our group making this side trip to Circle City got into that moored river boat and sat there in the sun, dreaming of the days gone by, trying to picture a prosperous town where gold was to be had for the panning. We looked hopefully into the sluggish water, but there was not a glimmer. One of the women gathered a few stones from the river bank just for keepsakes, and we all spat into the river for luck. I had seen this place from the deck of a Yukon River steamer a few years previously, but then it had a few more glimmers of life than were in evidence this year of 1947.

From Circle Hot Springs we went to Fairbanks and caught a train to Mount McKinley Park, in order to have one more sight-seeing experience before returning to Seward. My chief reason for stopping at McKinley Park was, quite naturally, to have another view of the highest mountain on the North American continent. Here, just as in Curry years before, there was no chance of seeing the mountain from the hotel. All tourists were obliged to take a bus trip to a lookout station over a well-kept highway that offered many an interesting sight before the distant "Old Man of the Mountains" was visible.

On the way, our busload of tourists became quite excited over a large grizzly bear sunning itself on a patch of sand less than a hundred rods away. We all wanted a picture of it, so the bus was stopped. One woman, more daring than the rest of us, ran down the slope for a nearer view. She got into tall grass where she could not see the bear at all. However, she kept going in the general direction she had taken from the bus. The rest of us watched rather anxiously as the bear sniffed the wind and entered the tall grass. One of the men of our group started after the young woman; the bus driver tooted his horn to attract her attention. Then the huge bear reappeared on a patch of snow.

It turned around a couple of times, as though posing for pictures—as in truth it was, since several cameras were in operation. Then, as an anticlimax, the bear lay in the snow and proceeded to roll vigorously, with all four paws in the air. It looked no more vicious than a big teddy bear. However, when the daring amateur photographer got back to the highway, the driver advised her in a fatherly fashion: "Never get more than halfway between safety and a grizzly!"

By the time we got to the lookout station and picnic grounds, the tops of McKinley, Foraker, and Russell were becoming shrouded with haze. Even with a haze filter, I failed to get a really satisfactory picture of the glorious sight. In retrospect, I now realize that every point of the compass provided an unforgettable panorama of entrancing skyline, enhanced by the clouds that cast shadows in the valleys below. An appetizing lunch brought along from the hotel, and good hot coffee made in a shelter house nearby, gave every one of us a feeling of well-being and deep satisfaction. Our world was big—we were on top!

OUT TO UNALASKA ON THE *GARLAND*

The motor vessel known as the *Garland* carried mail and freight as far as Nikolski on Umnak Island, which lies west of Unalaska Island and Dutch Harbor. The *Garland* is a trim, businesslike vessel, 130 feet long and 34 feet wide, with a freight capacity of 488 tons, and a crew of fifteen. It could accommodate twelve passengers. Any port west of Seward on Resurrection Bay was referred to as the "Westward." About twenty stops were made by the *Garland* between Seward and Nikolski on its Westward trip, a distance of over a thousand miles, which took about a week, both going and coming. Several friends of mine had taken the trip as far as Unalaska, and claimed that it was well worth the cost (\$218.50), provided that the traveler had good sea legs and did not mind the fog. This was to be my last long trip in Alaska.

The *Garland* left Seward on July 2, 1952, and got to Kodiak on July 4, after making three stops along the way, at Portlock, Seldovia and Fort Graham. The Cook Inlet scenery was as impressive as ever; but the skies over Kodiak Island were heavily overcast. A diesel caterpillar and other supplies had to be put ashore at the Navy Dock in Woman's Bay. While unloading food supplies, a crate of watermelons broke open and spilled a nice Fourth-of-July treat at the feet of some delighted sailors, who quickly made the most of their opportunity. Those split-open melons served a good purpose!

The parade was over by the time the *Garland* hove to at Kodiak, but we saw most of the floats anyway and heard the patriotic speech given by a Navy chaplain. A former student of mine escorted me to the races that afternoon. Water skiing,

helicopter stunts, and boat racing were conducted in a persistent drizzle. If events were called off just for heavy fogs and drizzling rains, not much would ever take place at all on Kodiak, so they say. We had a good time anyway.

By dinner time I was ready to call it a day and go back to the *Garland*. Dinner was something special, worth recording:

Fresh fried halibut steak with tartar sauce.
Avocado salad with lettuce and French dressing.
Browned potatoes and rolls,
Wax beans in butter.
Fresh strawberries and whipped cream.
Little cakes and coffee.

All the next day it rained while we lay at anchor in Kodiak. That night the *Garland* resumed its way to the Westward, and we were out on rough seas again. In stormy weather, it was fun to sit in the pilot house and listen while the first mate told bear stories.

On the afternoon of the sixth, the *Garland* was anchored in Shelikof Strait near Kanatak. There was no dock. An out-board motorboat was lowered, with the skipper and first mate inside it, along with a variety of supplies, including a crate of oranges. The men wore hip boots, and we could see why when the dory rushed through the breakers on the beach and quick footwork was needed to get the supplies ashore. On the way back to the *Garland*, that dory, with no ballast, behaved like a high-floating cork among the whitecaps. It looked very risky to me. The mail is delivered all along the way to Dutch Harbor and on to Nikolski in this manner, and at only half of the stops is there any sign of a dock. Mail and supplies have to be lightered in any kind of weather, which is mostly windy or rainy or foggy, or all three at once.

Four o'clock on the morning of the seventh, a schoolteacher and his family got off the *Garland* at Chignik. Father, mother, three children and their grandfather were beginning a new venture. I hoped the older man did not have arthritis, for

Chignik is not a health resort. All of these people had to live in the schoolhouse until the outgoing teacher and his family could leave on the return trip of the *Garland* six days later. It takes sturdy stuff in the characters of such teachers to weather conditions and to like their work in a location like this.

However, the school itself looked quite attractive and well furnished. The whole village is picturesque, with four waterfalls in the background. Island-dotted scenery spread out in three directions. On a sunny day it could be very beautiful. Villagers came aboard the *Garland* asking for liquor, playing cards and "snoose," by which is meant Copenhagen snuff. No hard liquor is sold from the *Garland*. Folks were told that all the *Garland* had to sell was spuds, onions, ice cream and comics. They settled for comics.

The evening of that same day, our ship whistled three times before entering Ivanof Bay, just around Hump-Back Point from Perryville. At the cannery dock, fish were being hauled up an endless-belt type of elevator. Four good-sized fishing boats were unloading. One thousand cases of king crab were sent out from this cannery in June.

It was fascinating to watch the transfer of salmon from the fishing vessels to the elevator. An enormous wooden bucket, capable of holding a ton of fish, was filled with salmon by men working below decks. This bucket was hoisted by noisy machinery to a platform. There the fish were dumped down an incline into a bin, and on by degrees to the elevator. We were told that this locality was known for the bears that fed on the refuse.

At midnight we got to Sand Point, and early the next morning to Squaw Harbor, but it was too foggy to see much of anything at either place. At Squaw Harbor a very nice-looking young lady got on board. She was going out to Ikatan on Unimak Island for a short visit of two or three days, depending how long the *Garland* took before its return trip. She became my roommate.

That afternoon we reached Unga, where the teen-age girl from Seward got off to visit her relatives. She had been seasick

nearly all of the way out to her home town, so I knew she was very glad to get on firm land again. For a wonder, the weather was clear enough for me to get some pictures of this young passenger as she was being lightered ashore along with the mail and a lot of supplies.

We lay at anchor off the shore at Unga long enough for me to get acquainted with "Gorgeous George," the pedigreed bull destined for Chernofski, out beyond Unalaska. This bull was in a none-too-large crate on the forward deck, where the rocking and teetering of the ship had done its part in taming him into a submissive, sad-looking critter. I got several pictures of him, including a portrait that showed his bewildered state of mind. There were several crates of chickens on deck, all covered with tarps most of the time. The chickens seemed none the worse for travel, and were certainly well fed.

From Unga Island, which is one of the Shumagins, we went to Belkofski and on to King Cove, located near the tip of the Alaska Peninsula that separates the North Pacific from Bristol Bay. King Cove was particularly interesting to me, because I knew several people there, including former students at the Mission in Seward. It was good to get on land and to see familiar faces in what seemed such a far-off place. Fortunately, the sun was shining and I was able to get some good Kodaslide pictures. I would have enjoyed a longer stay at King Cove, but had the promise of seeing one of my friends again on the return trip, provided the ship would arrive "at a reasonable hour."

Southwest of King Cove was Sanak. A young boy rowed out to where the *Garland* was anchored. He brought three boxes of smoked fish to be delivered in Unalaska. I asked this boy his name, and learned that he was the son of a former student of mine. He was there on a vacation, visiting his grandpa. He told me that there were five cows and one horse on the island. I began to think that Gorgeous George, the bull, would not be as lonesome as I had imagined at his journey's end.

When my roommate found out that I knew some of the people with whom her own folks had gone to school, she began telling me about her childhood on Ikatan, where she expected

to visit for a few days. Her most interesting account concerned a tidal wave that devastated the nearby shores in 1946, just six years earlier. She remembered how mountainous waves had swept over the lower part of the cape on which Ikatan is built. High cliffs at the back of the village saved most of the houses. The tip of the cape on which the village stood was converted into an island. Boats and pilings were washed out to sea. One house, not protected by the cliffs, was carried out into Ikatan Bay toward Isanotski Strait. Its owner salvaged the house later by towing it to another shore on Unimak Island.

Because of these firsthand stories, I was keenly interested in the lay of the land as we approached Ikatan. Sure enough, there was the long, low neck of land extending from the large island. At the tip of that cape was a cluster of great cliffs. In the shelter of those cliffs was a prosperous-looking village and a cannery. The *Garland* anchored fairly close to land, and it was possible to see that the houses were well painted, homelike, with curtains, potted plants, and radio antennae. My roommate told me that these homes were comfortably furnished and well planned. It was income from the million-dollar fish trap nearby that had helped build this community.

The rowboat that came out from the village to the *Garland* took back five sacks of mail, four cases of Olympia beer, fresh cabbage, two crates of oranges, and six quarts of ice cream, along with other supplies. The young woman who left the *Garland* to visit her home town got a warm welcome as soon as she arrived on the beach, as the villagers turned out in full force.

From Ikatan, the *Garland* headed directly for False Pass, which is also on Unimak Island. Although False Pass is at the tip of the Alaska Peninsula, it is not technically the beginning of the Aleutian chain. The attenuated archipelago that stretches about a thousand miles farther out toward Asia is said to begin at the western end of this island at Unimak Pass. Anyhow, we could glimpse the waters of the Bering Sea from the deck of the *Garland*.

The skipper of the *Garland* was glad to reach False Pass,

because engine trouble had developed and there were good shops in this big cannery place where repairs could be made. This also meant that we would have a full day on land—a sunny day at that. However, getting to the cannery dock was quite an undertaking, since a large freighter was in the way, loading salmon. The *Garland* sidled up to the freighter cautiously, and that took skill because of the swift current. When anchors were taut and mooring lines fastened to the freighter, a deck hand from the freighter lowered a many-runged ladder to the *Garland*. The only way to get ashore was to climb that ladder to the lower deck of the freighter, the *Square Sinnet*, then go one deck higher and cross over to the gangway and down to the dock.

I did not like the looks of that ladder one bit. Others managed to climb it without mishap, so I asked myself what was I waiting for, anyway? With my purse strapped to my camera case and hanging in pendulum fashion from my neck and down my back, I negotiated that ladder all right, but was careful not to look down to the narrow strip of water between ships. In fact, that maneuver was made three times before the day was over—three up and three down. Each time I felt a little braver and was thankful that I was no older or stiffer in the joints.

The P. E. Harris and Company cannery, located in False Pass, is the largest I have ever seen. Interesting as it was, I was more attracted to the hospital. I was also eager to look up people whom I knew, so the first place I visited was the hospital, where Dr. Radigan was in charge. He told me that there were seventy-two children at False Pass during the cannery season. Five days earlier, on the glorious Fourth, a party had been staged for all of those children and the refreshments had been served at the hospital. For that occasion, "liberty bells" had decorated the main corridor and the rooms of patients. These "bells" were neatly made of toilet paper sections that had been dipped in gentian violet, Mercurochrome, bluing, and other available liquids. Strung on one-inch gauze every ten

inches or so, they made a festive showing. It looked as though the hospital unit was serving a social need as well as being a place for emergency cases during the cannery months.

I looked up folks I knew, took their pictures, and hiked along the beach with quite a line of little kids in tow. Wild flowers with short stems grew in abundance. One thing not mentioned so far in this chronicle is that no trees grow west of Kodiak Island. The hills were not brown, however, but covered with a thick undergrowth of wild currant, salmon-berry, different varieties of huckleberry, low-bush cranberry, fireweed and lichens, beside the wild flowers usually found in the states of Washington or Oregon.

Now when I think of False Pass, I recall a very sunny day, happy children, and young mothers out sunning their pretty babies, ready to pose for snapshots. A dock worker told me that it had been the first entirely sunny day in seven months. I asked him if he didn't mean *weeks*; but he said he meant *months*! Rain and fog and wind are more typical of Aleutian climate, and this was the beginning of the Chain.

The *Garland*, with its engine in better condition, resumed its journey west that evening. A stop was made at the beach at Akutan. This, I was told, is a clean, prosperous village. A schoolhouse stood at one end of the village and a church at the other, with a dozen or more picturesque houses lined up in between. Set off by low, green hills in the background, Akutan was a place of distinction compared to some woebegone villages we had seen. No hard liquor was permitted in Akutan; that, I think, accounts for its air of prosperity. Sheep herding supplemented fishing in this locality. Two of the *Garland's* crew caught a couple of halibut while the ship lay at anchor at this place; and one of the halibut weighed ninety pounds. Across the harbor from Akutan was a deserted whaling station, unused since 1938. We were told that Uncle Sam had made patrol boats out of the old whale boats from that station.

On July 10, we got to Unalaska fairly early in the morning. I was very fortunate to be met at the dock by Mr. Keith Whitem, the boat-building missionary. He and his wife enjoyed the

reputation of having made Unalaska a much happier place than it would have been without them. I know *I* was happy to have been met by such a friendly person, and was glad for the ride in his jeep out to the Methodist Mission, where the Jesse Lee Home of Seward had its beginnings. On that ride, we went past an ugly hole in the ground left by a Japanese bomb when the nearby installations at Dutch Harbor had been bombed in World War II. The beautiful old Russian Church was all boarded up, but I got a picture of it in spite of the fog that was turning into the drizzle so typical of this area.

Out at the Mission, Mrs. Whittern had kept breakfast waiting, but I had already had mine on the *Garland*. As soon as I could get into knee-high boots, I went for a hike alone, while the Whittern family had breakfast. I tramped up Mount Newhall through the tall grass in the cemetery. The first inscription I happened to notice closely bore the name: Edith Newhall. I had never met her personally, but many of my friends in Seward had known and loved her. I made a nice bouquet of lovely wild flowers growing outside the picket railing that guarded the lot and placed them on the grave. Farther up the hill, I got a fairly good view of the harbor in spite of the rain that was obscuring most of the view.

Back at the Mission, I had the opportunity to talk with the Whitterns about their varied and interesting work and the improvements made in the building itself. From a drab, dull place they had made an attractive home. A luxury I had not really expected was granted when Mrs. Whittern suggested that perhaps I would like a hot bath. Enconced in a full tub of hot water, I lay for quite a while in complete relaxation and comfort. I could hear the two little boys of the family and their adopted sister talking in an adjoining room. One of them said: "Why does she stay in the bathroom so long?" I called out that the tub was rocking so hard that I was afraid it would tip over if I tried to get out. The youngsters were quiet for a minute, then one of them said, "Mama, our tub doesn't either rock, does it?" Their mother came to my support by explaining that it just seemed to be rocking to the lady who had been on board the

Garland for eight days. They knew enough about boats to understand that remark.

Luckily for me, the sun came out that afternoon. Mr. Whittern and the boys had gone back to the dock for freight. Mrs. Whittern, the little three-year-old girl and I walked toward town to take pictures of interesting places along the way. We stopped at the mission workshop, outfitted with tools and lathes and equipment for building and repairing boats. The church we visited looked just like the one in Seward, as both buildings had been army chapels. Taking plenty of time on our walk, we finally got down to the dock. There an old Navy boat had been hoisted upon a scaffolding, and was in the process of being rebuilt. This was one of Mr. Whittern's many projects, so I took a picture of it, with him standing alongside. The boys had caught some fish from the dock, and I got a picture of them, too. Across the bay, at Dutch Harbor, a spectacular fire made another good view, so the rest of my color film was used up and a trip to the store was made to get more film. Going back to the dock again, I noticed a lot of activity around the crate containing Gorgeous George, the pedigreed bull. One of the deck hands told me that the *Garland* had to cancel the rest of its schedule out to Chernofski and Nikolski because of a summons to return to Seattle on account of a strike. Therefore, the *Garland* was to start its return trip just as soon as arrangements could be made to have some other ship deliver Gorgeous George to Chernofski.

I had expected to have another day in Unalaska while the *Garland* was making its outmost port, one hundred and sixty miles farther west. The Whitterns hurried me back to the Mission, where I had to pack my suitcase again. There was time for a good lunch before a taxi was sent out for me and the ship's whistle announced that departure was near. A welcome package of extra-fine smoked salmon was given me in parting by my new friends who had been so kind to me. The last I saw of Gorgeous George was his sad face poked out from his crate that had been lifted to the dock. He was eating Kel-

logg's bran flakes from an oversized box, a gift from the *Garland's* chef.

On the return trip, most of the same places we had seen before were contacted again, at least long enough to pick up mail. One new place visited briefly at the outset was Dutch Harbor, but fog was settling so fast there was very little to see. In passing Unimak Island, one could barely make out Scotch Cape Lighthouse, rebuilt in 1946 after the tidal wave of that year had washed the original one away. Our skipper had a hunch that Mount Shishaldin, or "Old Mose" (as this living volcano is locally known), was misbehaving. Later, we learned that on that particular day Old Mose was demonstrating an ugly mood by coughing up ashes. So not all of that dense grayness was due to fog!

Around the cape to Ikatan, my former roommate was put aboard again. Her visit had been cut short by that strike in Seattle, just as mine had been. At False Pass we could see the same big freighter, the *Square Sinnet*, still loading canned salmon. At full tide, but with no wind to roughen the surface of the bay leading to Isanotski Strait, the sight of whirlpools made by the tide rips was startling. It made me think of the entrance to Cook Inlet, when tide rips had turned the ketch *Ida Helen* about-face.

A close-up view of a whale and another sea animal, which the first mate said was a fur seal, added to the wildness of the scene. Then, when a large eagle swooped low over the surface of the water, I wondered if that were an indication of bad weather. I could understand how seafaring people could become superstitious.

At Pauloff Harbor that evening, three young boys came to the *Garland* through pea-soup fog in an outboard motorboat. They seemed unconcerned as they vanished into the fog with a box of Baby Ruth candy bars and a long hunk of salt pork.

At midnight, we were at Cold Bay again. It was 2:30 A.M. when the *Garland* docked at King Cove. A sleepy glimpse at my watch was enough to convince me that the friend I had hoped to see here on the return trip would not come down to

the dock, especially with the fog so dense. Just a few minutes later, however, I heard a firm knock on the stateroom door. There was my former student, looking very nice in her fur coat and fresh make-up. We had a good fifteen-minute talk concerning old times, old friends and their whereabouts.

Quite a lot of calling was done over the ship's radio phone that next day, which was foggier than ever, if that were possible. A typical message went like this: "This is the *Garland*, this is the *Garland*, this is the *Garland* calling the *Rosemary*, this is the *Garland* calling the *Rosemary*. Do you get me? Over." Less than a minute later, a woman's voice would acknowledge reception of the call. When asked about weather conditions in her location, her voice was heard in reply: "It's kinda foggy and a little misty out." So it was!

A short cut outside the Shumagin Islands got us to Unga on July 12. A note from the teen-age girl who had been so seasick on the way out from Seward stated that she was planning on going way out to Seattle on the *Garland's* next trip. She meant to finish high school "Stateside." It seemed just a short time beyond Unga when the *Garland* docked at Squaw Harbor, where the young woman from Ikatan got off. At Sand Point, it was raining with a vengeance, but townspeople were on the dock anyway to watch the *Garland* come and go. I recognized three people on the dock, and that made, altogether, sixteen familiar faces I had seen on this memorable trip!

On the way to Ivanoff Bay, a storm developed—an honest-to-goodness North Pacific storm. Great whitecaps perched on impressive ocean swells were fascinating to watch hour after hour. I was very thankful that I was blessed with good sea-legs and a hardy digestive system that made it possible to enjoy it all while sitting in the pilothouse. Notes that I took that day are hard to read, because of the constant and vehement action of the ship. However, I can decipher one entry that says: "A northeaster is blowing like 'all get-out'! The prow of the *Garland* would dip under and right through great barriers of water. Tons of the angry stuff were tossed on board. That tossed water came up high enough to douse the pilothouse.

At Ivanoff Bay, the *Garland* made its only long stop on this, its return trip. Although it was still very windy where there was no shelter, the harbor was calm and the day sunny. I set off along the beach to get the nice firm feel of earth beneath my feet. Much to my surprise, the earth behaved just like that bathtub in Unalaska had done a few days before. It took a while before I got over the staggers and could walk in a reasonable fashion.

There were a lot of little creeks to ford, so I wore boots that day. For a mile or so, I sauntered along the beach. Glancing back toward the dock, which seemed small and far away, I noticed that I was being followed. Waiting, I soon recognized the skipper carrying a rifle over his shoulder. The first thing he said on nearing me was rather startling; "Right where you are standing, the first mate saw eight brown bears when we docked early this morning!"

Sure enough! Just a few steps farther up the beach, we found footprints of more than one bear. The skipper was wearing hip boots that made a sizable mark in the sand. When he carefully stepped right on one of those bear prints, his own foot mark seemed quite dainty, in comparison. We were both impressed. The skipper's high-powered rifle was ready for action, so he began shooting at targets. I believe this was done to discourage any bruin from making an appearance from its hiding place, more than to impress me with his marksmanship. He said that he was just testing the sights. I decided that I had walked far enough.

Returning to the *Garland*, I managed to get one boot full of water while crossing a creek. Later, I could not get that boot off. The mess steward saw my futile efforts and gallantly came to the rescue. He pulled while I hung on to the door jamb of my cabin. A roast-turkey dinner was fully appreciated that Sunday at Ivanoff Bay, after the invigorating walk along that beach noted for its bears.

Late that same night, the *Garland* arrived in Chignik. I had expected to see the schoolteacher and his family again. The retiring schoolteachers got on board with a little baby. They

said that the new teachers for Chignik were all tired out, for the whole family of six had had to live in one room all week. It was one o'clock anyway; but I had the Westward viewpoint by then, enough so to expect everyone to be awake and at the dock whenever the ship came to port.

All day Monday the fourteenth, we were on the open sea, with faint glimpses of land from the port side. As we approached and passed Whale Island, then Spruce Island, and then Uzinki, everything was perfect for taking pictures. There was even a glorious sunset to enhance the lovely views; but, alas! I was out of film. Too many exposures had been wasted on sea gulls earlier in the day. We got into Kodiak late, and left at 4:00 A.M., so I did not see any of that picturesque place again.

On entering Cook Inlet, we met the outgoing tide, just as the little ketch, the *Ida Helen*, had met it years before. Without any warning, the *Garland* was turned out of its course—at right angles to it. It took a lot of maneuvering to get set for Seldovia again, and it was a slow journey to that port, bucking the tide all of the way. There in Seldovia we had four hours to look up friends, buy films, and acquire some new clothes. Clothes worn on the trip were much the worse for the rough usage received along the way.

Safely back in Seward, on the afternoon of the fifteenth, I had some real service from the mess man and the galley boy. They toted my luggage several blocks for me, and then we said good-by. I promised to look them up the next time they came to Seward, after the strike in Seattle was over.

Now that this vacation has been added to other memorable trips taken in and around Alaska, I am more convinced than ever that a woman can travel wherever she wants to go in our new state, whether she has a traveling companion or not.

